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Sunday, Sept. 16, 1934

"Signs of the Times"—A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive



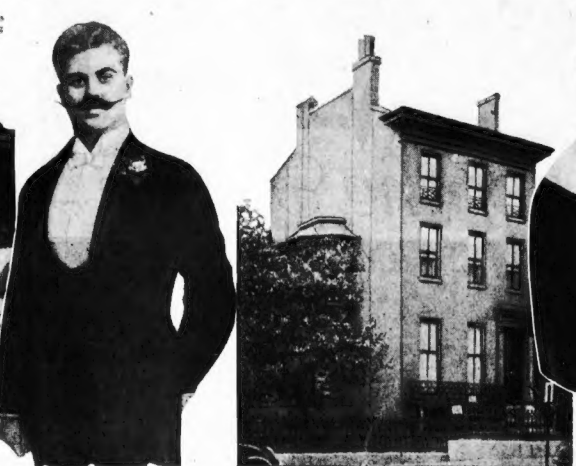
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Travelled With a Statue But Was the Old Millionaire Crazy or Wise?



Ann Bornstein, One of the Neighborhood Girls Who Was Befriended by the Recluse, and Who Could See Nothing Crazy or Fantastic About a Man Who Loved and Was Kind to Children.



The Late Hugh Campbell, St. Louis Millionaire, Whose Will Was Brought into the Courts, and Who, Say Those Who Would Break It, Should Be Considered Eccentric Because He Carried a Heavy Marble Statue of Cupid Around With Him—Even Registering It in Foreign Hotels.

The Campbell House in St. Louis, Which Was a Source of Mystery Until Death Called the Retiring Occupant.



Lillian Bornstein, Who Testified That Campbell Was a Kindly Philanthropist and the Guardian Angel of Her Family.

LIKE many a man who insists on living his own life in his own way and who leaves a lot of money when it comes time for him to die, 83-year-old Hugh Campbell, of St. Louis, was posthumously accused of being mentally incompetent to make a will and charged with all sorts of queer whimsies as evidence of this accusation. And, as is often the case, the courts refused to believe that the evidence presented in an effort to break the will proved the deceased incapable of disposing of his worldly goods sanely. The last will and testament of Mr. Campbell, which disposed of an estate of about \$1,100,000, left the bulk of the property to his brother, Hazlett, who had been adjudged mentally incompetent and placed in the care of a guardian, one Anton Schuler. When brother Hazlett died most of what was left of the estate was to go to Yale

University for the construction of a building to stand as a memorial to another of the Campbell brothers—James. A minor clause of the will left the interest on two \$15,000 trust funds to Adolph and Harry Furman, sons of a St. Louis scrubwoman, until they became 28 years old. The millionaire had befriended the boys and had financed music lessons for them when he was alive. It was Mr. Schuler, oddly enough, who brought the court action intended to break the will on the grounds that Hugh Campbell's mental faculties were not functioning normally when he made his will. Trustees of the Campbell estate interested in seeing the terms of the will carried out were frank in saying that Schuler was the front man for distant relatives of the dead millionaire who hoped to come into alive of the estate if the will could be broken.

Asked just why he believed Hugh Campbell had been of unsound mind, Mr. Schuler related that the dead man had a 200-pound statue of Cupid which stood on a pedestal in the hallway of the Campbell mansion when the matter was "at home," but which was taken along as a traveling companion when Campbell made trips to Europe. That, in itself ought to be enough to convince the court that the rich man was not quite right in the head.

four-foot Cupid weighing 200 pounds—that he might want to keep it with him for the sake of safety and his own esthetic enjoyment. Another point brought up to show that Mr. Campbell was a trifle "off" was his aversion for women. A woman who kept house for him for many years testified that "it was a rule of the house that Mr. Campbell was never to be left alone with women callers. He told us servants," she related, "that, being a bachelor and a millionaire, he was afraid of women."

the court but that Hugh Campbell was crazy but that he had practically adopted Adolph and Harry who were, therefore, entitled to a much larger share of the \$1,100,000 estate than the interest on two \$15,000 trust funds.

The brothers who had profited so handsomely from Mr. Campbell's generosity dug up witnesses who testified that the old man had bought their clothes and supplied them with money for many years. For fifteen years he had paid a musician to try to make violinists of them, an enterprise which ended in failure because the young men were more interested in athletics than music. Didn't this show that Mr. Campbell had regarded the Furmans as his own sons?

No, it didn't, said the trustees who insisted that the deceased millionaire was a sane man and had made a sane will. And they had many witnesses ready to testify that they, too, had benefited by the old man's big-heartedness. Lillian Bornstein told how he had financed her family, after her father, a tailor, died, and how he had bought clothes for herself and her sisters. Day

after day the Bornstein youngsters had been invited to the spacious Campbell yard, hidden from the street by a high fence, and been allowed to play games there. Sometimes the master of the house would ask her little brother Joe into the luxuriously furnished parlor and sing songs to him while playing the big grand piano.

"Mr. Campbell helped pay my way through business college," said Lillian Bornstein, "and he sent my brother Harry to business college, too." This information, and the testimony of the housekeeper who had brought to light her employer's fear of women and that Mr. Campbell's mansion sometimes resembled a day nursery, revealed that the Furman boys were not the only beneficiaries of the old man's generosity and, therefore, hadn't a leg to stand on in their claim that they virtually had been adopted by him.

One by one, all the assaults on Hugh Campbell's will were repulsed by the opinions of learned jurists who could see no hint of insanity in the terms of the document or in the behavior of the man who wrote it. And the last possible chance of breaking the will melted away when Mr. Schuler, under searching cross examination, admitted that the only people he could recall who thought the old millionaire insane were relatives who might share in the estate or lawyers representing the interests of these individuals.

From a Tiny Hut to Luxury and Riches

FOR more than nine years Mrs. Catherine Elias Piggot and her son, Archibald, lived a secluded and uncomfortable existence in the smallest and most squalid hut in the English village of Wisbech St. Mary's. No one ever came to see them and they were too proud to ask or accept alms. Today the 64-year-old woman and her 40-year-old son, thanks to an unexpected windfall that came to them, are living in comparative luxury. Their poverty—and their release from it—came about in a strange way. Mrs. Piggot, before she married a school teacher, was the daughter of a well-to-do family with a manor house and large estates near Colchester. Her father warned her that, if she married the school teacher he would cut her off without a penny. She followed the dictates of her heart, and her father carried out his threat.



The Hut in Which Mrs. Catherine Piggot and Her Son Lived for Nine Years Before a Windfall Lifted Them Out of Poverty.

Mr. Piggot never made more than a scant living for himself, his wife and their son, and when he died they were penniless. But they were proud, too, and they refused to ask help. For years the son managed to eke out a living for his mother and himself but the depression that followed the war tossed them about in the economic backwash until, to keep a roof over their heads, they moved into the shack that was no bigger than a pigsty and little more comfortable. The hut was only six feet long and four feet wide. It was too small for two bunks so the woman and her son slept in a couple of battered chairs.

For nine years they lived more like animals than human beings and asked no favors from their neighbors. Then came the windfall. The courts, reviewing her late father's will, found that she had illegally been cut off from certain rights of inheritance, and, one morning, a county official knocked at the door of her shack and presented her with a check which, it is said, she refused to accept until she was assured that the money was not cleverly concealed charity. That same day the Piggot quit their squalid home and moved into the cottage that must seem like a palace to them.

her with a check which, it is said, she refused to accept until she was assured that the money was not cleverly concealed charity. That same day the Piggot quit their squalid home and moved into the cottage that must seem like a palace to them.

Ancient and Modern Machinery for the Toe Nails

SCIENCE has a way of making the most fantastic dreams come true. Back in the Middle Ages imaginative artists, working with their tongues in their cheeks, drew strange pictures of man-made birds with elaborate wings and long tails. Few of these artists believed that the day would come when the skies would be alive with such machines carrying passengers, mail and freight, to say nothing of death-dealing bombs capable of razing whole cities. The modern submarine has surpassed the wildest dreams of Jules Verne, whose facile mind conjured up the details of a voyage 20,000 leagues under the sea.

may be that someone constructed one of the contraptions by which shears were made to move back and forth by the turning of a crank.

The device comprises an upright column with a curved neck that ends in a cog wheel fitted with arms. As these arms moved back and forth they actuated two jointed rods that moved the blades of the shears back and forth. These shears were placed just above an ornate rest for the foot. The mechanical toe nail trimmer, if it ever existed, was operated by hand and the hand crank revolved a shaft which, by means of two narrow belts, turned another shaft which was hooked up to the cog wheel.

The modern machine, by means of which the young woman is prettifying up her toes, is a practical actuality and a thousand times more efficient than the device shown in Von Schwind's amusing sketch ever could

have been. In its compact cabinet, topped by an adjustable electric lamp, is a motor that causes a cylinder, at the end of a flexible cable, to revolve at high speed, or low speed, as the user desires.

This cylinder, built on the order of the familiar device by which dentists revolve on the teeth of their patients, can be fitted with a variety of accessories such as circular files and buffers, to cut away the nail and give them a high polish.

The cabinet has a rack on the sides for liquids and unguents used on the nails in the modern age, and a drawer filled with other supplies so convenient necessary to the perfectly groomed foot.

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Want the Picture on the Cover?

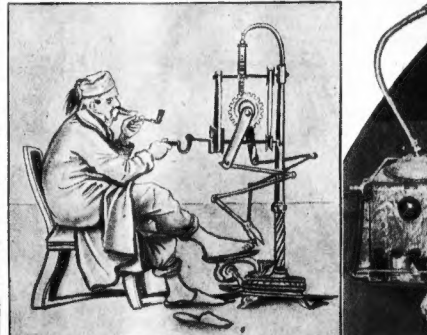
THE attractive painting reproduced on the cover of this issue of *The American Weekly* is another in a new series of fascinating works of art by Henry Clive, the distinguished American artist.

The series is known as "Signs of the Times." Each of the Clive paintings in the series depicts a subtle and amusing incident in the life of a typical American beauty of our generation. Each is actually an editorial without words by a master of the brush and palette. The American Weekly anticipates requests for copies of these paintings

since many readers often ask for reproductions of the colorful illustrations on the cover of this magazine. Such requests must frequently be denied for reproductions are not always available.

It has been decided, however, to prepare handsome copies of the Clive paintings in the "Signs of the Times" series on heavy, glossy paper, suitable for framing.

Any reader desiring an unfolded copy of the Clive picture on the cover of this issue can get one by mailing 10 cents, with the coupon printed below, to the address specified on the coupon.



A Toe Nail Cutting and Polishing Device of 1865. Caricatured by the Late Austrian Artist, Moritz Von Schwind.



A Modern Apparatus for Cutting, Grinding and Polishing the Dainty Toe Nails of Fashionable Beauty. Illustrated with the Dainty Modern Gadgets and Was Demonstrated in New York This Season at a Beauty Show.

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The American Weekly, Room 500, 148 W. 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is two cents. Send me the reproduction of the Henry Clive painting on the front cover of the Sept. 10th issue of *The American Weekly*.

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Lied as a Star Poet Lover She Destroyed Foretold

Dolores, "The Fatal Model of the London Studios," Suicides of Four Men on Her

Conscience, Passes Away Penniless, Deserted and in Agony Exactly as the First Sweetheart Who Killed Himself for Her Predicted Years Ago

THE BLUE COCKATOO

"The Weeping Woman," a Bust Modeled by Epstein From Dolores and Beside It the Once-Beautiful Model as She Appeared Years Later When Down and Out in a London Alley—And the Bust Was as Curious a Prediction of Her End as Her Suicide Lover's Poem Was.

NORINE LATTIMORE, known professionally as Dolores, world famous model, dancer and heart-breaker, had everything that a woman yearns for.

Her statement that she had broken a thousand hearts was generally believed. Men threw themselves at her feet, and what was more important these fortunes in her lap.

Dolores threatened to commit suicide, because it was impossible even for Dolores to love everybody at the same time. These suicide threats became quite amusing to the girl until four men actually did kill themselves over her.

She was sculptor Jacob Epstein's most celebrated model and met for many other artists including Sir John Lavery, Sir William Orpen, John Flanagan, Sargent, McKay and other celebrities and the brilliant young painter and poet, Frederick Atkinson, first of the four who took their lives. Before turning on the gas he wrote a poem to Dolores which, more than anything else, ruined her life, and prophesied for the woman nothing but tears and pain.

That prophecy has now come true. She died friendless, penniless and alone, another "girl that men forget," though she had run through several fortunes given by generous admirers and once said she could not remember having ever received less than \$250 a week as a dancer.

Besides the beauty and charm that won men's hearts and emptied their pockets, Dolores had a gun by one of her many unhappy marriages to steady her. Yet, in spite of all these things, she died as she had lived, one of the unhappiest women in the world, at the age of thirty-nine.

Like a king, it seemed that she could do no wrong. Every slip was forgiven. She is unusual," they said, which means exactly the same as immoral, except that if you are "un" you get away with it, if you are "im," you don't. Yet, with all her charm and this special dispensation to sin, all went for nothing because she lacked ordinary common sense. Epstein, on seeing her in a restaurant, cried out in ecstasy:

"That woman is a living flame. I must make her pose for me." He rushed to her table, introduced himself and persuaded her to come to his studio the next morning. The wages would not have bought Dolores' cigarettes, and even the valuable prizes the sculptor gave her meant little to a woman who at that time was rolling in wealth.

However, nothing seems to appeal to a woman's vanity like the request of an established artist, begging for the privilege of bringing out on canvas, stone or bronze, "the inner beauties of her soul." With burning enthusiasm, Epstein felt to work but the results were anything but flattering. It was bronze bust showing a woman with some resemblance to the fascinating model but with a half-conscious expression and a mouth stupidly gaping, half-open. Some critics who do not care for Mr. Epstein's work, said it was "the lady meron, with adonoids."

Dolores never had adonoids. Yet one might have been tempted to guess that the artist had seen through the "burning flame" and brought out the lack of something in intelligence behind the lovely countenance. But, as her admirers were quick to point out, most of this was due to the fact that Dolores had adonoids.

He has made a fool of me, in bronze, which is worse than a brass monkey."

Dolores pouted but soon forgot it in the stream of flattery that was constantly pouring in both ears, and the wild irresponsible whirl went on. She even let him make several other monstrosities, "inspired" by her.

Yet, when young Atkinson took his life and left that poem, followed by three other deaths blamed to her, it hurt. Perhaps never did a woman's life of easy wealth and triumph, desert her so abruptly.

Suddenly no one wanted the woman whom all men had wanted. Money had come so easily that it had seemed to her something to be spent, given or thrown away immediately and, except for a small fortune in jewels and a splendid wardrobe, she found herself at the end of her rope with nothing substantial. These also had gone before she realized what had happened. In part this is the poem which ruined her fate and prophesied her fall:

"O, child of pain, Dolores, The fatal star doth beckon on to doom, Smile thou not for tears are all thy store, And address is thy treasure, Seek not thou for happiness, For in the book of time, Stained with the miner, tears and blood of martyred souls, Is set a seal; And on it fixed thy name,

Frederick Atkinson was an extraordinary person. Being the son of a coal miner, there was no money in the family to send him to Paris for the customary year of study and carving. But he had practiced with pencil and colors since he was a baby and had saved nearly \$2,000. Then he went to Paris, where he got a job as copyist of old masters, making enough to put him through an art school. At the end of that time he was able to sell every painting, made and was recognized as a budding genius but, most remarkable of all, when twenty-one years old, he had saved nearly \$2,000. Then he looked into the eyes of Dolores and fell in love at first sight.

Dolores fell in love, too, but what a difference. The woman at that time, not far from twice his age, had been married three times and had known innumerable affairs. Two husbands had divorced her for infidelity and the third, for the same reason, had left her without bothering. Very wealthy men were dangling rich inducements before her dark eyes, but this boy was the first genius who had thrown himself at her feet. It was a novelty, so



Dolores When She Was the Favorite Model of the Sculptor Epstein and Other Distinguished Artists.

she loved him, after a fashion, for a while. Atkinson may not have needed the art education of Paris, yet the women of his Latin Quarter would have taught him not to be taken in by a girl who had been on the stage since she was a child. Though he had painted women, he knew almost nothing about them and had been too busy to have any real women friends. Therefore, he imagined this artist's model was a model of saintly purity of whom he was doubtless unworthy. Seeing this attitude and used to being all things to all men, Dolores promptly played the saintly part, a new one to a girl who had been on the stage since she was eleven years old. Ignorant of all her husbands and lovers, the love-smitten boy, called her "Miss Lattimore" and then "Dolores."

Here was one affair which Dolores could honestly say was as innocent as a Sunday School picnic. Posing as a spotless angel, she could not well have it otherwise. In a few weeks, the married woman, tiring of her saintly part and of her guileless boy, broke it off and handed him back his little engagement ring. This happened to come on the very day when the bank informed him that he had spent the last of his savings—spent them on her. At his



Frederick Atkinson, the Young Poet, Whose Prophecy Poem and Unlucky Death Marked the End of Dolores' Popularity.

was sitting bent-over in "The Blue Cockatoo" when, a woman acquaintance thought might reconcile him to his loss it told him the truth about Dolores.

She also added that Dolores had thrown him over her head because his money was spent. This probably was not true because, though he had given her his all, it was far less than he was used to getting from the lead of his predecessors. Instead of counseling the young man it caused him to go home, write those verses and kill himself by turning on the gas.

That pitiful poem appeared at the coroner's inquest and was printed in the London papers. Dolores was irritated at the remarks of other women, but set them down as cattiness of jealous rivals who had not succeeded so well with their men, and therefore not to be taken seriously. At a night club she turned from her tormentors to a man named Bell who had been an unsuccessful candidate for her favors, but she supposed was waiting his turn. Perhaps she would not have appealed to him had she known that he had been a friend and admirer of the dead painter. The man, a Scotchman, of few words said:

"Go to Hell, Dolores."

Surprised and stung, Dolores nevertheless had a quick answer: "And in Hell I'll be the only one to pray for your little, uncomprehending soul."

The man said no more, letting Dolores sweep proudly out of the place, considering that she had the best of the skirmish. She found other admirers and looked for a while more prosperous than ever but luck had changed. Three more men committed suicide in the same manner and everyone remembered poor, young Atkinson.

First of these was Thomas Henry Bell, the impetuous admirer who had



"The Blue Cockatoo," the London Tavern Which Was the Rendezvous of Artists, Sculptors and Their Models, and Where Atkinson Penned the Poem to Dolores. Then Killed Himself and Now, After She Had Sunk to the Depths, Dolores Would Make Pilgrimages Here to See Herself in Memory, as She Was Seen at the Height of Her Fame and Fortune—And Also for the Few Coins Playing Old Associates Gave Her.

given Dolores that rude answer. He was found one morning by his daughter, Colleen Mabel Bell, in his gas-filled kitchen, his head in the gas oven. Bell was a successful commercial traveler who, as an art amateur, spent most of his money and all his spare time in London's Bohemian circles. There it was inevitable that he would meet Dolores and almost equally certain that he would fall under her fatal spell. Dolores was also attracted but, as she said:

"If a thousand men more me, must they imagine that I can make them all happy?" Bell might have lived on hope but for that tactics answer which he knew would cause Dolores to erase his name from the list of eligibles. Love is not always blind, sometimes it is just irrational. A man may see all the faults in his beloved and still pin for her, as this one found to his despair.

Before London was through talking about this tragedy, it was followed by two more, that of Ernest Melvin, a song writer, and of an author known to the English public under the pen-name of "Seamark." Like Bell, they took Atkinson's gas method of despatching themselves as a very well to Dolores to write her hands and, with angry tears ask, why should he have died among her legion of lovers who would be lovers, four had become unbalanced and taken their lives.

In each case the coroner stated that legally no woman is responsible if men become so crazy over her as to do crazy or criminal acts. But four deaths were too many. It has been the world's custom, and usually a just one, not to accept too many excuses. Tragedy is the usual by-product of a loose and irresponsible life.

It was as if Dolores' legion of lovers had held a plebiscite and unanimously voted to dethrone their queen. The first indignation the charmer herself showed was the resignation of the wealthy gentleman who was acting as her "protector" at the moment. He would give up all his financial or domestic troubles. Dolores accepted the resignation without out dreaming what it portended.

She wondered which of the waiting list would be first to learn that there was a vacancy and apply. When none appeared in a few days she dropped hints she was lonely. This was startling news in Bohemia, but, instead of being mobbed, they let her keep right on being lonely and the de-



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throned queen of hearts knew something had happened.

Still it was only temporary, Dolores thought, a sort of love-strike which could not last long. Her pride would not let her show that it affected her. At the Blue Cockatoo and other haunts of artists she was seen attended by well-dressed men. These strike-breakers were strangers to Bohemia but the Legion imagined that she had recruited another regiment.

Alas! These newcomers were not the same. They were just exhibitionists who like to be seen in public places with any notorious woman who is known to be expensive. But all Dolores was getting out of them was having her supper check and taxi paid for her. Rapidly her jewels went into the pawnshop, her gowns became out of date, then shabby and of course then the exhibitionists no longer wanted to be seen with her. The public no longer wanted to see her dance and even artists did not think her worth a model's meagre wages, and the landlord wanted the rent in cash, not kisses.

Dolores disappeared two years ago. Once a reporter found the fallen star sharing an attic with another woman as penniless. But now and then she would make a pilgrimage to "The Blue Cockatoo" to see herself in memory, a she was when at the height of her success, and also for the few coins old associates gave her.

Dolores told the reporter that of all her old admirers not one had offered her much as the price of a square meal. However, in desperation, she had rung the doorbell, and usually, to get rid of this bedraggled spectre, a little money was sent out to her, and on this she kept alive until the other day, when she died of cancer in a hospital ward.

"MUCH PAIN, MUCH TREASURE, BUT NO HAPPINESS." This might have been her epitaph, had anyone felt inclined to pay for a stone on which to carve it.

The New Vogue for Freak Weddings



Pat Driscoll, Up for Robbery, Being Married, by the Judge Who Sentenced Him, to Miss Gladys James.

RECENTLY in Atlantic City, N. J., when the season was at its height, a throng of vacationists and holiday makers gathered at the end of the Steel Pier to witness what most everyone said was the strangest wedding ceremony in their recollection.

In the stern of a small powerboat stood a dignified clergyman with a stole about his shoulders and a textbook in his hands. He read the marriage ceremony and administered the vows to a bridegroom and his bride, both of whom were dressed in conventional attire, although both were soaking wet. In fact, the contracting parties were actually in the water, each swimming, but with their right hands joined. They had swum from the beach out to the end of the pier, to where the power boat was moored, and then continued to swim while the minister made them man and wife. At the conclusion of the somewhat brief ceremony the bridegroom kissed the bride, who, in her ecstasy, perhaps forgot to keep swimming and went under with an unromantic "blub-blub," only to rise again to the surface and throw her arms around her new husband.

The couple then swam ashore, changed clothing and attended a dinner in their honor. Everybody was satisfied that it was just a publicity stunt in behalf of the pier, but as a matter of fact it was the whim of the bridegroom, who, after many years, had just learned to swim.

It was, indeed, a freak wedding, but no stranger than other weddings this year and last—all of which indicate some sort of a vogue for unusual ceremonies. Back of many of them, of course was the motive of publicity, either for the marrying couples or for their employers, or for theatres. But there were dozens of couples who participated in freak weddings just for fun, without the lure of promises of presents and home furnishings, as usually are offered couples who will wed in a theatre or other public place.

In Cumberland, Maryland, a few weeks ago a crowd had their wedding ceremony in the middle of the street. There was no publicity motif back of this. It was just a matter of sentiment. It happened that at the very spot where they were married the couple had first met, a few months before. It had been a case of love at first sight, and the bridegroom thought it would be a pretty sentiment to have the ceremony performed at the very place where he and his bride had first felt the blissful sting of Cupid's dart.

One of the most picturesque weddings and also one of the most bizarre was performed recently in Berlin. The bride, the bridegroom, the maids of honor and all the attendants went to the church mounted on high motorcycles—the one-wheel vehicles used by trick riders in vaudeville. Everybody but the minister rode one of the gadgets, but the minister, try as he would, could not manipulate the perilous machine, so he contented himself by standing up on the rail of a lofty pulpit to marry the couple.

The procession through the streets of the city to the church almost caused a riot. Thousands of people with craning necks crowded the streets and followed the odd parade. Every member of the party, of course, was a vaudeville performer. They were all members of a troupe, and it was nothing out of the ordinary for them to ride the curious vehicles. They started from the home of the bride's mother and rode four miles to the church.

In San Francisco another freak wedding was performed recently when Miss Mildred Funk and Jesse E. Early promised to love and obey. The locale of this ceremony was the inside of a lion's cage. Not even the close friends of the couple were told why they desired to have such an unusual setting. They seemed to know why themselves, but they kept it a dark secret.

Their motive was not publicity, for only a few persons knew about the ceremony, and only the minister and three witnesses were present. One of these snatched the photograph which is shown here.

In Austria about four weeks ago a strange wedding was performed in a prison. The bride was a murderess, who had slain her fiancé. This bride-



Three Times This Couple Fell Off the Aquaplane Before the Clergyman Finally Tied the Knot at Long Beach, California.

groom was a burglar. There were steel bars between the couple, who had met in the refectory of the prison. After the ceremony each returned to the cell.

blocks, and their honeymoon must wait for three years, when both will be released.

In a similar setting Pat Driscoll, held on a robbery charge, and Gladys James, who vowed she would stick with him, when he went to trial, were married in a Chicago jail recently, and the man who married them was the judge who sentenced the bridegroom. After a wedding dinner the bride left for her home in Sioux City, Iowa, to await the release of her husband.

Long Beach, California, has a claim as the locale of a freak wedding in the instance of the ceremony which made Arthur Webster and Miriam Tizzard man and wife. The couple were married aboard an aquaplane, while the clergyman, standing in the stern of the speed boat which was pulling the plane, spoke the solemn words. What is believed to be the world's first wedding on roller skates took place in Boston several weeks ago, when Helen Dee and William Canavan were married at a rink in Revere. Both are expert skaters, and considered the stunt appropriate. They tried to induce the parson who married them to put on skates, but he found it difficult to stand on them, and so the idea was dropped.

In Los Angeles not long ago Miss Roxana Valentine, of Glendale, and William H. Whiteley decided that they would be married at a wedding the novelty of which would never be forgotten. They gathered a dozen bridesmaids and an equal number of escorts, attired them in paper dress evening gowns and dress suits and then provided make-up in such that each attendant would be a fair imitation of a paper doll, even

to the bright red spots painted on their cheeks.

Parisians strolling along the boulevards stood and gazed open-mouthed several weeks ago when they beheld a wedding party moving through the streets. It was a stranger sight even than that of the cyclists in Berlin. Robert Devers was taking Claire Doglia as his bride. Robert is a reporter and his wife is an actress. The strange aspect of the wedding party was provided by the fact that Devers was riding a flower-decked bicycle and that his bride, carrying a huge bouquet, was being carried to the church on the handlebars of the cycle. Back of them rode twelve attending couples. Each of the "bikes" was propelled by a man, and on the handlebars of each of the machines rode a maid of honor.

The result of this procession was a traffic jam that gave the gendarmes an unhappy day. Automobiles and pedestrians following the bicycles became hopelessly entangled; crossings were blocked by motors and taxis as the occupants of the machines, sighting the curious procession, jammed on their brakes or found it impossible to move because the traffic ahead was brought to a standstill. The result of this was a new regulation requiring a permit for such unusual parades.

Making Vinegar From Honey

UNCLE SAM'S chemists in the well-equipped laboratories of the U. S. Department of Agriculture are constantly performing new tricks with their test tubes and retorts. One of their latest stunts is to demonstrate that vinegar of an exceptional quality can be made from honey—a substance which would seem to be the opposite of the sour liquid in composition.

It is not, the chemists report, a difficult job to transform honey into vinegar. All they have to do is ferment the honey and perform a few other simple laboratory maneuvers. Already they have turned out many samples of honey vinegar and all of their experiments were successful. At the moment they are carrying on experiments to find out which of the honeys not in strong demand for table use are most desirable as sources of vinegar, and which of several methods of fermentation is the most economical and effective.

It is unlikely that honey vinegar ever will become a staple product available in quantity all over the country. The supply would be limited and the product would demand a premium on the market because of its comparative rarity. Unless some of the flavor of the honey can be carried over into the vinegar to give a distinctive and pleasing "bouquet" the process of making it would not be profitable commercially because there are other and cheaper sources of vinegar.

Paris Dance Halls Featuring "Taxi Boys"

EVERY large American city has its dime-a-dance places and there are similar establishments in Paris, London, Berlin and Budapest. The vogue has even spread to the Land of the Cherry Blossom and Tokyo has at least three popular pavilions where pretty scanty-clad girls will fox trot, tango and waltz with anyone who can afford a few yen for their Terpsichorean services.

It remained for Gay Paree, however, to give a thought to unsatisfied women patrons of dance halls and provide their customers with corps of sleek, handsome gigolos.

The photographs below show the staff of taxi girls and taxi boys who are attracting hundreds of dancers to the Coliseum, one of the more popular dine-and-dance places in Montmartre. When the establishment first opened there were no young men sitting around await-

ing the beck and call of feminine patrons who felt like dancing and had the price of a strip of tickets. But when the manager noticed that there were almost as many unsatisfied women—young and not so young—at his tables, as there were males eager to buy the service of the pretty and charmingly dressed taxi girls, he was smitten with a bright idea. He would augment his staff with a dozen or more good-looking young men who were skilled at dancing and who could wear evening clothes with the grace of a matinee idol.

The boys were popular from the first, and night after night they found their time taken up from 10 o'clock until dawn. In fact they attracted more women patrons than the Coliseum ever had hoped to see on their dance floor and made more money in tips than the girls did.



A Group of Taxi Boys, Featured at the Coliseum, in Montmartre. The Handsome Gigolos Attract the Already Famous Taxi Girls, and, Like the Girls, Will Dance a Set With Patrons for the Equivalent of a Dime a Dance.



The Taxi Girls Who Prowd as Much of a Success in Paris as in New York. Where the Idea of Taxi-Dancing Originated.

Losing Our Brains By Not Using Our Hands?



HOW THE HAND KEPT PACE WITH INTELLIGENCE.

First the Fin of a Primitive Shark-like Fish; Next the Five-Clawed Foot of an Ancient Reptile That Evolved From It; Third, the Paw of the Lizard That Came From the Reptile; Fourth, the Fan-Shaped Foot of the Platypus, Which is a Link Between the Reptile and the Mammal of Which Man is a Species; Then the First True Hand—That of the Tiny 'True-Shrew,' Which is Related to Man's Earliest Ancestors; Next, the Far-Better Thumbed Hand of the Lemur, Much Further Up in the Mammalian Scale; Seventh, the Hand of the Gorilla, and Finally the Hand of Man—Which May Be Entirely Different a Hundred Thousand Years From Now.

Science Points Out That Human Intelligence Began Because Man's Animal Ancestors Were the Only Ones That Could Pick Up Things Which Aroused Their Curiosity---But Machinery and Laziness May Throw Us Back to Primitive Stupidity



Soft Pads on the Bottoms of an Elephant's Feet Help Him to Feel Any Unusual Article Underfoot and Thus Arouse His Curiosity, but the Greatest Stimulant for the Elephant's Brain is the Clever Trunk, Able to Pick Things Up and Handle Them Almost as Well as a Single Hand.

THE hand, the thing that started human intelligence, is being neglected, and is ruining its own creation. Perhaps men even are reverting to what they were before they were men.

This is the startling conclusion expressed before a recent meeting of teachers in England by a well-known British educator, Professor Raymond Butler, of Aston Technical College. Professor Butler accompanied his prediction with a suggested and obvious remedy, however, which is for everybody to work more with the hands.

Even a few generations ago many tasks requiring skill with the hands needed to be performed regularly in the household. Most boys learned trades requiring hand-work. Girls learned to sew or even to spin and weave cloth. Children's games required skill of hand and other muscles.

Nowadays many people, especially in cities, need no hand-skill at all, not even skill at good handwriting, since printing and typewriting now replace nearly all of the hand-written documents which once were used. What children get in school is mostly book learning, training the eyes but not the muscles. The most popular games, such as card playing or cross-word puzzles, need no skill of hand or other muscles, and provide no training for them. The result is that most people grow up so awkward in ability to use their hands that people of a few generations ago have pined for them as cripples. What is more important, Professor Butler believes that they are awkward in mind as well as in muscle, because of the large role that training of the hand muscles has played in the mind's development.

The only other animals which approach man in mental abilities are said by biologists to be the apes and the elephants. The apes have hands almost human in character. The elephants have their trunks, which serve as hands and have stimulated almost equal development of a competent brain. If man abandons the use of his hands, turning over more and more of his daily tasks to machinery, it is not possible that the elephants, who continue to use their trunks and probably to develop and improve their brains, may displace man as lords of the planet.

Many years ago the famous English

philosopher, Herbert Spencer, pointed out how important has been the part of hands in developing the intelligence of different kinds of animals. Dogs and cats, he said, are more intelligent and alert than the much stronger horses and cows, because the latter animals have hard feet no good except to stand or walk on and which do not report messages concerning things that they touch. Millions of objects which a horse or cow will walk over unnoticing, a dog or cat will look down at, smell and otherwise investigate, merely because these animals' feet send to their brain messages arousing curiosity.

This stimulus to the mind became still more powerful when animals, like the monkeys, developed feet or hands, able to hold things. Just as a monkey's paws are more sensitive and competent than those of a dog or cat, so the monkey's brain is more alert and intelligent. Psychologists believe that any kind of brain, from that of the lowliest animalcule all the way up to man, grows and develops because it is stimulated by sensations coming into it over the nerves from the great and varied world outside. Each of these sensations must be sorted in the growing brain, compared with memories of other sensations, and fitted away in its turn for comparison with items which may drift in later on.

To aid this nothing is better than hands. Age by age as life developed, animals with anything to use for hands get more and more of this brain exercise. Human brains nowadays probably are born all alike so far as the number or quality of the tiny gray cells are concerned. What differs in different brains are the ways in which these gray cells can be connected to each other through the myriads of nerve fibers which make up what is called the white matter of the brain. If many connections can be made easily and changed quickly and accurately as wire connections are made and changed rapidly in a well-organized telephone central, a good brain. If these things cannot be done well, it is a poor brain.

Probably some difference like this always has existed and has controlled the brain's evolution. Curiosity must have helped this evolution for curiosity arouses interest and brings new



Help From the Hands to the Brain Has Been Repaid in Evolution by Reaction of the Brain on the Hands—Which Is Why the Well-Trained and Expressive Hands of an Actress Are of So Much Help to Her Brain and Face in Expressing Emotion.

paths of brain connection continually into play. Four-toed and hooved animals, with insensitive feet, all four of which are needed to stand on, are enormously handicapped in curiosity. Nothing new is recognized by the feet even when accidentally stepped on. Even if something new is recognized by some scent of other, there is no way to lift it to the eyes to be seen, to the nose to be smelled or to the ears to be listened to.

Instead the eyes, nose, ears or other organs must be bent down to the ground for this purpose; something often both difficult and dangerous for an animal required by its conditions of life to keep a sharp look-out for enemies. Monkey curiosity still is proverbial. People who ridicule it and complain about what they call "monkey-shines" when these show up in human youngsters, forget that it is precisely this "monkey business" of testing things, of trying everything and taking everything apart which probably is responsible for the fact that men are more intelligent than the brutes.

The effects of similar stimulus in aiding development of the remarkably good brains of elephants was emphasized a few years ago by one of the foremost living experts on fossil elephants and other fossils, Professor Richard S. Lull of Yale University. As Herbert Spencer already had noticed, the elephant's first advantage over other hoofed animals, such as its relatives among primitive pigs, was that the elephant's feet have soft pads on them instead of hard, insensitive hoofs. But this never would be enough, if so, the four-footed elephant ought to be just twice as intelligent as two-handed man.

The difficulty is that the elephant's feet cannot be used to lift things. The sensitive foot pads may give notices of something new underfoot, arousing curiosity and suggesting investigation, but they cannot lift the new something to the eyes. This lack is the duty of the elephant's trunk, and Professor

Lull points out that it is the possession of this long, hand-like nose which gives the elephant some ability to rival men and apes in development of brain. If the elephants only had two long noses each with sets of five or six fingers on them, instead of the single trunk possessing only one rudimentary finger, they might have been even more intelligent than men.

Another curious similarity between men and elephants was pointed out about a year ago by the famous British biologist, the late Sir Arthur Thomson. This is that elephants have the beginnings of a chin, otherwise the sole possession of humanity and the man-like ape. This seemed to Sir Arthur to be no accident. The development of a chin had a close relation to the development of a brain, because of changes in the shape of face and skull which have happened as teeth became less important to life and brains became more important.

One of the changes in human evolution which experts believe is still going on is a gradual loss of this chin, resulting in a more and more chinless face, less and less room for the teeth and the world-famous anatomist, Sir Arthur Keith, presented facts to prove that the high forehead of human evolution, so far as science now knows it, seems to have been the great Cro-Magnon race of France, a race which has been extinct for about ten thousand years. Bones of these Cro-Magnons show that they had larger skulls and brains than any other known race. Incidentally, they also had larger and more pronounced chins.

Scores of biologists—Professor E. G. Cope of Princeton University, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka of the Smithsonian Institution, Professor Julian Huxley of London among them—have expressed agreement with the views of Sir Arthur Keith that mankind seems to be moving backward in mind and body instead of improving. All of which gives added force to Professor Butler's idea of the danger of neglecting to train and use the hands.



It May Be Hard Luck for the Rat That This Monkey Has a Hand to Hold Fast to the Rat's Tail, But It Is Good Luck for the Monkey and His Mind—Having a Hand to Pick Up Things, and Thus Stimulate Mental Curiosity, Is Why Some Monkeys Have Almost Human Brains.



As was pointed out only a few days ago in an address in New York City by Professor D. M. S. Watson, of the University of London, the first step toward the human brain was taken hundreds of millions of years ago by a remote fish-like ancestor of modern land animals. This ancient fish thought mainly in terms of smell. The first step toward real brains was a bulge of nervous tissue inside the fish's head connected closely with nerve endings of the small sense in the nose. For hundreds of millions of years that was enough. Indeed, a good small-brain seems to be enough for many kinds of fishes still living in the ocean.

Presently, however, the eyes began to be important also. Then occurred another important brainward step described two years ago in this magazine. This was the exchange of the rigid necks of the most ancient fish for a flexible neck like those of modern animals. The flexibility permitted the fish's head to turn from side to side, so that the eyes could look at anything that attracted attention, instead of being compelled always to look straight ahead. Curiously, the great stimulus toward the development of the modern brain, took a long step forward when heads became movable on a flexible neck instead of set rigidly on a stiff neck, as was true of the first-known fishes.

Not long after this in the vast time scale of evolution there happened two other events important for the development of the brain, both of which have been traced by Professor Robert Broom, of Victoria College, South Africa, in a series of remarkable fossil animals, part fish, part reptile and part mammal, which he has found in the South

African rocks. One of the new steps was the development of legs by kinds of fish-like creatures which learned to breathe air. The other was invention of the ability to keep the blood warm. Probably both were forced by dry, cold weather. The dryness put a premium on rapid movement to find water when it was scarce, thus leading to legs. The cold put a similar premium on the warm-blooded habit, so that animals would not freeze to death during cold nights.

Both increased the activity of the brain, as well as that organ's use and value, but there still was nothing like a hand. There still was lacking this greatest stimulus to brain-stirring curiosity, the ability to pick things up and examine them closely with the eyes as well as by the other senses located in the head.

The beginnings of the hand can be traced to small creatures which also seem, curiously enough, to have tried out the elephant's idea of a long nose as well as the man's idea of good hands. Some of these small, part-hand and part-nose creatures still exist in a few spots in the world. They are called solenodonts and look a good deal like small, very long-nosed rats, although they really are closer to man in ancestry than they are to rats or mice.

These animals developed a thing like a hand so that they could climb in bushes. Out of them developed the still-living animals called lemurs, now found chiefly in the island of Madagascar and also provided with kinds of hands good enough to cling to branches but not much good for picking things up. This last step taken in evolution when some of the lemurs' descendants kinds of primitive, tree-loving monkeys, were forced down out of the trees to live on the ground and walk upright on two legs. Most geologists believe that this happened thirty or forty million years ago somewhere in Central Asia, and probably was caused by the slow disappearance of the forests in which the tree-living monkeys had lived.

Like so many other things in evolution, what might have seemed to be a misfortune was a blessing in disguise. Being forced to give up their tree life, these ancient monkey-like creatures set free their front feet to become hands. Then it became possible, and necessary, to pick things up and look at them; probably the greatest single step in the development of the brain.

College Finds How To Drink And Stay Sober

EVERYBODY knows about the bracing and sobering effect of a cup of coffee on a person who has had too much to drink, but now the relative uses of gin and Java have been reduced to a science.

All anyone has to do to keep sober, according to an important tip that has just come from Cornell University, is to follow each half-glass of gin with a pint of coffee. The coffee kills the effect of the alcohol at once, corrects any untidiness and that "Turkish bath towel" feeling the tongue often has the morning after. Of course if one only takes a quarter-glass of gin at one slug, he will need only a half pint of coffee as a chaser.

Dr. A. L. Winsor and Dr. E. I. Strongin, of Cornell, who made the tests on students who were willing to get slightly tipsy in the interest of science, reported their findings recently before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. They put on the tests in connection with their work in the hotel management course which Cornell gives, and probably it will be a help to future hotel managers among the students to know just what to do in a dining room emergency when a guest gets a little too much of the legal beverages which hotels are serving nowadays. All the manager will have to do is run the coffee.

The students who took the test were given varying amounts of pure grain—not bootleg—alcohol, according to their "tolerance," that is, their ability to "take it." The doses ran from 30 to 75 cubic centimeters of the intoxicant, diluted with twice the quantity of water—roughly, about equal to one or two stiff drinks of pre-prepared gin. 30 centimeters being about a quarter of a glass and 75 centimeters half a glass.

The degree in which they were "drunk" was measured in two ways—by the amount of secretion from one of the salivary glands, and by the number of errors made in trying to follow a moving object with a slender beam of light. The reason alcohol makes its victims thirsty and gives them that "dark brown" parched taste the morning after, is that alcohol dries up the salivary glands, although the first drink or so may stimulate them. The purpose of the moving spot and the slender beam of light was to test accurately the student's steadiness of hand, after having drunk alcohol, after having drunk coffee and after drinking both, with the coffee as a chaser. It was found that the alcohol, of course, made the hand unsteady and dried up the flow of saliva, but that the coffee, if taken soon afterward in proper quantity, counteracted these effects at once. In other



Dr. A. L. Winsor and Dr. E. I. Strongin, of Cornell, Made the Tests on Students Who Were Willing to Get Slightly Tipsy in the Interest of Science. The Degree of Drunkenness Was Carefully Measured.

words, it was found that the imbibitor can take alcohol indefinitely if he can take the coffee indefinitely, too. Since it is generally known that it is easier to "get a jag on" by drinking on an empty stomach, the students were required to be as hungry as Old Mother Hubbard's dog when they took the tests. They had not eaten for eight hours.

Freshly roasted coffee direct from the ovens was prepared by the standard drip-filter method, using ten grams of coffee for each half-pint of water. In most of the experiments one pint of coffee, testing two grams of caffeine, was used as the "chaser."

The saliva secretion from the parotid, largest of the salivary glands, was measured by an accurate device at the end of each minute after each drink. Steadiness and eye-and-hand coordination were measured by having the subject attempt to keep a beam of light shining continuously on a moving photoelectric cell. He was given training in this beforehand so he would be adept in it before taking the unaided test. Whenever the light left the cell a timing device recorded the length of time the beam was not on it.

It was found that the first drink of alcohol made the flow of saliva increase three times more than normal, the second drink made it drop to one and a third times normal, and the third, fourth and fifth drinks made the salivary gland almost stop working entirely. After the lapse of a half-hour between drinks, however, an alcohol dose stimulated the gland to activity again.

When alcohol was given, followed by coffee, the disturbance of the salivary gland was knocked out completely, and so was the untidiness of hand and eye that had been caused by the alcohol. Before drinking the intoxicant, the subject could train the beam of light on the moving spot without making more than two errors per minute. After drinking it, the errors increased every minute until finally the student was making 25 errors a minute. When he drank the coffee after the alcohol, however, he made no more errors than when he was completely "sober."

The result of the tests is that scientists were completely satisfied as to the counteracting influence of caffeine on alcohol, and they had measured it accurately and graphically on charts. The amount of coffee needed to "sober up" after an alcoholic drink depends, of course, on various things—the time of drinking, the strength of the coffee and the amount of alcohol drunk, the condition of the stomach and the "tolerance" of the subject for both coffee and alcohol.

But there is no doubt about the fact that with the proper dosage a drink of coffee will "knock out" a drink of whiskey. The time to take it, however, is not the morning after when the hangover comes, but right after the drink.

New Solidified Food To Save Wild Deer From Starving

CAN openers have become part of the standard equipment of workers in the New York State Conservation Department and are expected to play a part in the saving of the lives of thousands of deer, not only in New York, but throughout the forests of the United States and Canada.

The can openers were made necessary by the invention of a solidified food packed in huge tin cans that will be distributed around deer feeding grounds to save the animals from starvation during the winter months.

Before the coming of the white man, deer herds could roam almost at will, save for the arrows of the Indian hunters, and consequently were able to forage for their food despite deep winter snows. Now the animals are restricted to very limited territories, far from the usual haunts of man, and deep winter snows often cover or destroy the animals' natural food.

For years conservation workers in all parts of the country have had the task of distributing food to the deer during the winter months. It has been a difficult task to transport corn, oats, alfalfa and other grains and hay to the out-of-the-way spots where the deer herds were congregated.

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The Deer Were Found to Be Fond of Molasses, So That Product Was Made the Basis of the Solidified Food. At the Same Time, Experiments Were Made With Coats.

Dr. L. A. Maynard, of the New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University, and a graduate student, J. C. Woodward of Lenoxville, Quebec, Canada, have just perfected an easily-made food which has high nutritive qualities and which the deer appear to relish. The State Conservation Department reports that the food is doing all that was expected of it.

From field studies the State Conservation Department came to the conclusion that many deer were dying of starvation in the Adirondacks during Winters when heavy snow remains on the ground for more than a few days. The department called on the State Agricultural College at Cornell to help solve the problem of providing a satisfactory food product that could be taken into the wilds to serve in the place of the deer's natural food.

Various products useful for feeding domestic animals were first considered. They were good for cows or pigs, or horses or sheep, but the deer leads a very different life from any of these animals. In order to answer this question, experiments were undertaken both in the laboratory and in the field, beginning about two years ago.

Orphan fawns were brought to Cornell and reared on a bottle until they were large enough for experimental work. They were fed various feeds were tested for digestibility, and general nutritive value. At the same time a similar series of experiments were made with goats to check on the feeding value on a domesticated animal.

The first discovery was that deer and goats eat and thrive on the same feed—corn, oats, alfalfa, and hay. The

big problem was how to get this food to the deer in the forests in a form in which it could be consumed without wastage and was expected to play a part in the saving of the lives of thousands of deer, not only in New York, but throughout the forests of the United States and Canada.

The forest rangers knew that during heavy winter snows, deer tend to congregate in herds in some places that is quite protected, and where there is likely to be some sort of food available. The deer pack down the snow into what is known as a "yard," and there are usually inaccessible to ordinary forms of transportation. The Cornell experimenters therefore had the job of devising a food that could be put up in solid units and "packed in" by man to the feeding "yards." The conservationists considered it best to have the food in a container so that it could be stored in the "yard" for several months without loss or deterioration. To meet these qualifications, the idea was conceived of preparing the food in the form of a hard cake, and enclosing it in a sealed tin can.

The experiments showed that the deer liked molasses, so, using that as a basis for the food, it was mixed in various quantities with 30 other different varieties of grains and hay. The deer had found palatable. The difficulty was in concentrating them into a cake of sufficient hardness to withstand the elements, and that the deer would not eat up rapidly.

The molasses was cooked down at various temperatures, the other feeds added, the war mixture poured into cans and allowed to harden. Ten or twelve wires were placed through the cake as it was poured into the can so that the food could be suspended from a tree where the deer could eat it.

The Cornell experimenters found that a combination of 55 parts of soy beans and 45 parts of molasses, boiled to the right temperature, was the best combination, and nearly ideal, nutritionally. The cane molasses is rich in digestible carbohydrate by virtue of its sugar content. The soy beans furnish protein of a high quality in an adequate amount—a concentrated source of energy in the form of fat, minerals and vitamins.

The experimenters conducted digestion trials on three tame deer at the university, and it was ascertained that they utilized the ingredients of the cake very efficiently. The cakes were then made into fifty-pound slabs, which represented the maximum weight which can be conveniently packed into deer yards. Fifty cans were filled and sealed. These cans were shipped to the Adirondacks, and taken to various deer yards.

The Conservation Department found that the deer ate the cakes with a relish, coming back to them day after day. The Conservation Department worker will place the cans, suspended from a limb of a tree by a handle, during the early winter in "yards" where the deer congregate. As the natural food becomes scarce, the deer will come with a can opener, strip the can off the cake, and thus supply the deer with nourishing food.

Two members of the family were then delegated to go to Sofia and bring back the body. Arriving in the city, they went to the house where their relative had died. After they had dressed the body, one remained with it while the other went to the railroad station and purchased a ticket to Gabrovo. They already had their own return tickets, of course.

After dark, they carried the body out of the house, supporting it between them—each with an arm around his neck—as if luging along a man who was intoxicated. No one was suspicious—not even the cab driver who took them to the station.

Adroitly, they smuggled the body into an empty second class railway compartment, and propped it up in a corner. They stuck the one way ticket into the hand of the hat they had placed on the head, and then slipped out, taking secret passage, who had said, "That fellow who was asleep? Oh, he got off several stations back."

Scared out of their wits, the two relatives went home and reported, the family was still trying to figure out what to do when the police arrived the next day. The body was found on the railroad right of way and identified. The man who had been in the compartment when the train reached Gabrovo had also been found.

He said that when he entered the compartment, evidently just after the body had been propped up in the corner—he thought it was merely some passenger who had fallen asleep. So he promptly fell asleep himself. Some time later, as the train swept around a curve, he was awakened to find the body on the floor dead, he became panic-stricken and thought that he might be charged with murder, he shoved the body into another compartment.

The thrifty Gabrovians then admitted that all they had been trying to do was cut down funeral expenses.

Murder by Stranger On Platform of Train "For no reason"

MANY persons, as they stand on a station platform and watch a railroad train thunder in, or stand in the crowd at a subway station, are apt to be lulled into a false sense of security by the casual rattle and clatter of the wheels of the train. They are lulled into a false sense of security by the casual rattle and clatter of the wheels of the train. They are lulled into a false sense of security by the casual rattle and clatter of the wheels of the train.

Frederick Valentine, a seventeen-year-old but fully grown young man, was standing at the edge of the platform at the Marlborough Street Subway Station in London. Suddenly, and without any warning, John Frederick Paley, a twenty-five-year-old market gardener of a suburban town, pushed young Valentine in front of the oncoming train.

Scores of Londoners, both men and women, witnessed the strange attack. They saw Valentine, body thrust forward under the impetus of the shove and start to plunge headlong onto the tracks below. Then, as they watched, the speeding train drove the youth's falling body. There was a crash of glass as a window in the front end of the leading car was broken. The stunned watchers saw Valentine's body hurled back onto the platform again, to sprawl into an unconscious heap. Only the fact that the train had been so close to him when it was pushed into its path resulted in his being knocked back onto the platform instead of being ground beneath the wheels.

Part of the crowd ran to the aid of the unconscious boy. The rest watched a brief footrace between L. H. Palmer, an inquiry inspector for the London Passenger Transport Board, and Paley. The race was short. The rather well-dressed gardener did not seem to care where he was heading for, and Paley caught him quickly. Paley made no effort to resist, but stared dumbly at the man who had rung him in.

"Why did you push that man in front of the train?" a shocked spectator burst out. Paley turned slowly toward the questioner.

"I don't know," he muttered. "I haven't been well—I've been ill a long time." And that was the only words he said. He even maintained his sullen silence when a squad of London policemen, hastily summoned to the scene, sought to question him regarding his atrocious murder attempt. An ambulance arrived, and the limp form of the victim was carried to the hospital. The body was placed on a stretcher and carried away. Paley was taken to a cell, but he was pushed into it by Valentine, still unconscious, in an ambulance. He seemed little interested.

At the police station the market gardener, who is said to be a member of a respected and wealthy family in the north of England, refused to answer any question put to him. He was taken to a cell, but he was pushed into it by Valentine, still unconscious, in an ambulance. He seemed little interested.

There was none. When Valentine, who suffered injuries to his head and hands, regained consciousness at the



Without the Slightest Warning, Paley Moved Forward and Pushed Valentine, an Utter Stranger, Off the Edge of the Underground Platform. Police Took the Body of the Victim to the Hospital, Afterwards Saying He Could Not Explain Why.

hospital, Paley was taken before him. The victim of the attack had never seen the attacker before. And confronted with the man he had so nearly slain, Paley again mumbled no police officers.

"I don't know why I did it," he said. There seemed only one solution to the mystery. Paley must have been crazy. But the law in England runs otherwise, and the attacker was taken back to his jail cell, where he was placed under constant guard to prevent him from injuring or killing himself or someone else.

The following day Paley, face drawn, eyes dull, sat in the courtroom at Old Bailey and heard the prosecutor, Mr. Vincent Evans, tell the magistrate: "I think this man is insane." Even then the pale-faced gardener evinced no interest in his surroundings. He was returned to jail, and his case continued until such time as physicians could determine his mental condition.

"It was a terrible sensation," Valentine said, describing his narrow escape from death. "I was standing on the station platform, not far from the edge. Many times when standing on the platform and watching the train come in, I have shivered as I thought, 'Suppose someone pushed me off the tracks.' But on this day, even when I was standing there, I didn't even give it a thought. I was standing there when suddenly I felt someone give me a violent push. I felt myself falling backward over the edge of the platform, and then, before I could realize what had happened, the car crashed into me and knocked me unconscious. When I came to I was in the hospital." Valentine smiled wryly. "I don't think I ever will be able to stand on a railroad platform again."

Virtually every normal person who has chance to stand close to the edge of a station platform and watched the train come in, has felt a sudden, sharp, momentary flash of fear that comes with the thought, "What if someone should push me?" It is a subconscious reaction, psychologists say, the fear that the average person has when standing close to the edge of any sort of an overhanging platform. It is a feeling that comes from the fact that there is an almost overpowering urge to leap into space when they come too close to the brink of a precipice. It is this strange fear of heights that prevents many sportsmen from ever attempting the dangerous sport of mountain climbing.

But seldom does any train or subway rider have the terrifying experience that came to Fredrick Valentine, who, having his thought come true, was hurled into the path of a speeding train.

And only a diseased mind, doctors say, could ever inspire a man like Paley, the gardener, to deliberately shove another man off a high platform, and then, when he was told that he had never even seen before, into the path of what must have seemed certain death, as Paley pushed Valentine.

Scots Are Spendthrifts Compared To Gabrovians

THE world championship pinch-penny title has been wrested away from Scotland by a family that lives in Gabrovo, Bulgaria. Residents of the town have long been celebrated for their frugality, but as a result of a money-saving trick recently employed by this family, Gabrovian stinginess has now attained a fame that makes all close-fisted Scots seem like spendthrifts.

A member of this parsimonious Bulgarian family died the other day in Sofia, and when relatives in Gabrovo were advised to come and get the body, they put their heads together in an effort to figure out some way to reduce expenses. If they bought the coffin in Sofia they were sure to be cheated. Besides, they would have to hire a hearse to get the coffin to the railroad station, and that would be costly.

With a stab of a pencil, the head of the family jotted down indispensable items on the back of an old envelope—black clothes for all of them, grave diggers, money, candles, and so on. It was going to run into money, for there were some things that simply could not be skipped over. They wanted to save. They did not see why the living should go into debt to honor the dead—and yet they wanted to do the right thing. If only they had the body of the dear departed in Gabrovo—they would be able to get to Sofia for a bargain.

"A good one, too," said one member of the family, "lined with an imitation silk you couldn't tell from real, unless you felt it."

"Yes," said another, "I saw one in town that had nickle-plated handles, and I'm sure it would not come anywhere near as high as the one we will have to buy in Sofia."

"It's going to take us months to pay for all this," said the head of the family, "respectfully with everybody trooping in for the funeral from miles around and expecting us to feed them."

He next over the list again and, failing to find anything that could be eliminated, checked his addition once more and stared gloomily at the total. Here they were, all of them honest, industrious, steady in their work, and yet going to have to part with their hard-earned money to enrich the pockets of a skinflint city undertaker.

Chased Him 3 Years to Marry—Chased Him 2 Years to Divorce

It Took a Bullet Through Mr. de Trafford and a Long, Relentless Pursuit Before the Divorced Countess de Janze, Formerly Alice Silverthorne, Chicago Meat Packing Heiress, Could Catch and Lead Him to the Altar—and a Still More Relentless Hunt to Catch and Get Rid of Him

The Former Countess de Janze With the Two Children Whom She Gave Up, Because of Her Infatuation for de Trafford.

LONDON, Sept. 6. ALICE SILVERTHORNE DE TRAFFORD, Chicago meat-packing heiress, niece of the late J. Ogdon Armour and for some time Countess de Janze, has at last gotten her second husband into the English divorce court. His shyness in stepping out of the bonds of matrimony has almost equaled his coyness in taking them on. But it was all a sad misunderstanding.

She once wanted this husband so badly that she threw away for him, her title, her first husband, her two children and her good name. When, after all these signs of affection, Raymond Vincent De Trafford tried to run away, she pulled a little gun and shot him. The pair had met in Kenya, Africa, where big game hunters sometimes capture their specimens alive, if possible, but if they try to get away, shoot them down and stuff them.

Alice did not intend to stuff young De Trafford, and could not have done so anyway because he recovered her. He came out of the hospital so gaily and so something that she had to think him for three years before Raymond finally gave himself up at the altar. Having at last had her way and gotten the thing for which she had sacrificed everything, it was not long before Alice did not want him any more.

Mrs. De Trafford started out for divorce, charging cruelty and desertion, but he seemed to have deserted so thoroughly that she could not serve the necessary papers on him. The way he ran out on her does seem a bit brusque, especially if one does not know what the husband may have had on his mind at the time. It is alleged that Mr. and Mrs. De Trafford were sitting in the compartment of an English railroad train, having a rather heated argument.

In the course of the debate Alice opened her wrist bag and was just reaching in when her husband, with the speed of an antelope, dashed out of the compartment, off the train and through the stations. He is said to have kept right on going until he had himself into the impenetrable wilderness of Central Australia.

Alice denies that there was any pistol in the bag, and that even if there was, she has no thought of using it. She was merely reaching for a platinum compact with the innocent intention of powdering her nose, an inalienable right of any modern woman, even in church or at the dinner table. Why should a husband desert a wife for that?

Husbands forget wedding anniversaries, but undoubtedly Mr. De Trafford remembered what she had done to him in a railroad train compartment, some years before at the Gare du Nord Station of the boat train to England which Raymond hoped to occupy alone. There had been a longer and more painful argument that day in which the young man had explained to Alice some but perhaps not all of the reasons why he could not marry her.

He was an old, respectable family, related to King George himself, but of course he could not stress that point too much. What he did urge strongly

The Former Countess' Lawyer Comforts Her in Court on Her Trial for Shooting de Trafford, Her Lover.

and persistently was that they were all Roman Catholics and therefore he really could not marry a divorced person. Alice said he should have thought of that in the hotel at Kenya before he started compromising her so flagrantly that her husband, Count Frederick de Janze, was forced to divorce the woman and take her children away from her influence.

Raymond's logical comeback was that Alice, being a married woman, almost thirty, and with two children, should also have done some thinking before she betrayed her husband. However, since De Trafford was the chief beneficiary of such absence of thought, this would have been ungalant and possibly have caused her to "say it with bullets," even earlier than she actually did.

So Mr. De Trafford merely begged off on family and religious grounds until the whistle blew for the train to start. Then he stretched out his arms for what was to have been his last farewell kiss. Alice suddenly realized that, for once in her life, somebody was going to refuse something she really wanted and had demanded. This man was running away from her and in another moment would be gone. The thought was unbearable.

As she kissed Raymond goodbye, she drew a cute little gold-mounted pistol from her bag, placed the muzzle against his chest and pressed the trigger. The bullet went right through his body, missing the heart and stopping in the lining of the back of his head. Seeing him fall apparently dead, Alice had another realization, that as a husband, he had escaped her after all. Full of remorse, disappointment or something, she turned the pistol on herself, and put a bullet through her stomach.

Railroad employees rushing in response to the shots, were held at bay



Romantic Scenery of Kenya, Africa, Where Alice and de Trafford Carried on Their Unhallowed Love Affair.



Raymond Vincent de Trafford, the Shy (Once Shot, Twice Shy) Hero of the Astonishing Silverthorne Romance.

for a while by the snapping jaws of Alice's huge police dog which seemingly thought it would be a good idea to let both of them pass out of their misery.

The dog was thumped into a different frame of mind, permitting the pair to be rushed to a hospital where both got well, though De Trafford barely pulled through. His first job, on recovering, was to appear as witness in Alice's trial for attempting to kill him. He took all the blame, swore he had led a sweet and innocent woman astray, desired the bullet she had given him, and the judge fined her four dollars. This was about twenty-fifth as much as would have been imposed had she shot a deer out of season or without a license. But ladies do not need a license for what

she had done, nor is there any closed season for men who displease them. Alice's ex-husband had also come to the rescue with an appeal to the judge not to send the mother of his children to prison. From this the ex-Countess jumped to the pleasant conclusion that the Count was ready to take her back and she cheerfully told the papers that she would remarry him "for the sake of the children."

The Count did not see it that way. To protect the children from the shame of a mother behind the bars was one thing, but to let her back under the same roof with them was another matter.

He not only declined the honor but sent a circular letter to all the English papers, formally notifying them that since the divorce she was no longer the Countess de Janze and that they must not injure the family name by making that mistake. This, with several other indications, such as his marrying Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Ryan of Waterbury, Connecticut, convinced the lady that, strange as it might seem, the Count really did not want her any more. So she got after De Trafford again.

"Now look what you have done to me," she told him. "It is all your fault and I am perfectly innocent. You said so yourself, in court, under oath."

The only answer to such irrefragable logic was to say something dangerously unflattering or to keep moving. For three years he kept on the move. Going to Kenya, for peace and quiet, Alice started right after him, but the authorities refused the energetic woman admittance on the ground that she was

an undesirable person. She brought so much pressure to bear on officials that Raymond saved further trouble by getting out himself, thus removing the pursuer's desire to get in.

For two years he kept on the go, which was easy for a young man of wealth. But Alice, also wealthy, found it equally easy to dog his footsteps. Somewhere she caught up with the fugitive from the matrimonial chain gang and got her man. There was no gunplay or other violence this time. He went to the altar unreluctantly.

If a bullet and two years' relentless pursuit mean anything, she must have wanted that particular husband "the worst way." Knowing how hard this bird had been to catch, she should have been extra kind and tactful until he had become less timid and skittish. Also knowing by experience that it was almost useless to flee and what had happened the first time he was slow on the getaway, he should have been careful to agree with this lady he

had married. Instead, the pair seem to have quarreled from the start. Then someone must have whispered in his ear that there was a husband sanctuary in Australia's uninhabited central area, which he had overlooked in his previous flight. There are other woman-proof spots, such as the South American jungles, but a white man cannot live there very long. He might have been safe in a monastery, but for some reason did not like that either. The climate in the Australian wilderness is not so bad, and once in a while he could safely sneak down to the sea to see a dentist and a moving picture.

Even had Alice gotten by the Australian immigration authorities under a false name, which would have been difficult, a woman fitting out an exploring expedition for invading the wild hinterland, would have been big news, exploited by all the papers and broadcast on the radio. Mr. De Trafford is said to have carried a portable set with him and also a man, with nothing to do but listen to it. This would have given him plenty of warning to take to cover.

It is said that Mr. De Trafford could not boast Mr. De Trafford for a long time and when she did seem to have realized that she could not get to him personally. Finally in one way, she sent word to Raymond that all she was after him for this time was a divorce. Imagine the fugitive's relief. He thought he was wanted for matrimony or worse. If it was only divorce, fine! Two souls with but a single thought, But did she mean it and if so might she not get emotional again with a gun?



Alice Silverthorne de Trafford, Once Countess de Janze, Spoiled Heiress, as She Appears Today.

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Somehow he was convinced, returned to England and everything was fixed up nicely. She now has the "widow's" and early this Fall her case will come up, charging infidelity with an unknown correspondent at a London hotel, which is the conventional method.

Alice Silverthorne's romance is perhaps the most disappointing of all American international marriages. Hers had the best start and the most inexcusable finish. As the endless parade of rich American girls shamelessly buying titles from needy nobles driven by their creditors passed through the newspapers in their inevitable so-called ends, many wondered if just for once some substantial nobleman, who did not need the money, would marry some American girl, just for old-fashioned love.

Finally the thing happened. Young Count Frederick de Janze of a fine, old, French family, whose men have not wasted their fortunes in riotous living was seeing the world and, on reaching Chicago, saw Alice Silverthorne, society heiress, Miss Silverthorne, though rich enough to have bought a fair-sized title, had scorned the idea. She did not care to put up with the polite-voiced insults of a noble husband and the knowledge that all his friends were laughing as he spent her money on rivals, until such time as she could stand it no longer and kicked him out.

The de Janze family was very wealthy, had no need of money, and the young Count had no thought at the time of seeking a wife. It was a straight-out-and-out love match on both sides. He neither wanted nor received any cash from her, but she brought enough, so there would be no unpleasant family arguments over extravagance. Alice was a beautiful girl, to the manner born and trained to be at home in the most cultured society.

Here was a square deal for the American girl at last. She was received with open arms by the relatives of the Count and he spent neither time nor money on the women of Paris or the gambling casinos. The Countess with no worries, had nothing to do but keep her occasional eye on the Count and his children and enjoy her wonderful luck. It was too much happiness. She could not take it. Insisting on accompanying her husband on a hunting trip, she found nothing so much better and remained at one of the luxurious Kenya hotels. There she met young De Trafford and as casually as if it were no serious offense she betrayed her loyal husband.

When the Count came back from the wilds, he discovered what had happened and he thought it could be brushed up, another chance. He still loved her; few people knew of the disgrace and he thought it could be brushed up. The Countess penitently promised never to see De Trafford again and was forgiven. But only a few weeks later, she resumed the affair in Paris, was caught and that was the end.

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What Makes Your Marriage a Success or Failure

Dr. Harnell Hart, Distinguished Sociologist, Explains That Love Is Not Enough, That Your Job Has Much to Do With It, Geography Is Surprisingly Important, and That the Worst Risks Are Those Who Believe in the Old Adage, "If at First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try Again"

Stenographers Rate High Up on the List of Girls Whose Jobs Are Likely to Lead Them Into a Happy Marriage.

"I will probably butt up in a couple of years—but what of it?"

So many marriages have ended in divorce that it is not uncommon for young couples to go blundering up to the altar with this defeatist prophecy on their lips.

Marriage is now seen to be no easy job that most any pair of young bunglers can get away with, if their hearts are full of love. Starting a home is at least as difficult and risky as starting a business. Therefore a man and woman, falling in love, need a lot of advice not founded on sentiment but scientifically-verified facts. And here are some, at last.

Dr. Harnell Hart, a distinguished sociologist who wrote the social trends section of the Wickersham report and is professor of social ethics at Hartford Theological Seminary, is preparing a book of real instructions. Millions of words have been written on how to retain the love of husband or wife. In the cold light of statistical research, all this proves of little value. If the right man and the right woman have found each other, such rules of conduct are needless if they are not the right mates, they are beyond human aid. In other words, when the bride prances down the altar on the arm of the blushing groom, success or failure is usually predestined. What are the things that have settled it?

Love is absolutely essential, but it is not enough. Most everyone who marries is in love. Dr. Hart compares love to the cement which holds together the bricks, stone or other blocks of which a house is built. If these blocks are not right the cement won't hold them indefinitely. Here are some of the hard truths as revealed by divorce and what the women who have remained happy thought married.

The loving bride means it when she says she does not care for money, but statistics prove that she will care later—and college graduates care more than those who quit at high school. Marriages are not likely to be happy among college men and women unless the husband's income is \$5,000 a year or better. The job itself, too, has a powerful influence. Prof. Hart says:

"Men whose occupations require long travel, or frequent absences from home at night, are particularly apt to become divorcees. Prominent among these occupations are actors, musicians, commercial travelers, telegraph and telephone operators, physicians and engineers, printers and pressmen. Least likely to have divorcees are the occupations which keep men at home regularly, or which involve a promising social position in local society—such as farmers, clergymen, manufacturers and professors."

Dr. Hart doesn't mention beauty prize winners specifically in his report, possibly because being a beauty queen isn't exactly a vocation. However, the mortality rate of the marriages contracted by these pretty girls is tremendous, and most men seeking a long life of marital joy probably should look among other ranks for a bride.

Of course anyone with a grain of sense knows that the playboy type of youth makes a wretched husband and the spoiled-child, only-daughter brings almost certain misery to anyone she marries; also that the girl who has not

been all that she should be before he even gets to know her is not likely to be much better after. It is not surprising that Dr. Hart's figures show that divorced persons are poor matrimonial risks, and the oftener they have been divorced the worse they are. Common sense suggests that there must be a reason.

But some things are not so obvious. The young man who has been a disobedient, unruly boy, one of those so-called "problem children," will be a selfish problem husband. On the other hand, the faultlessly-decent, obedient son may prove almost as unsatisfactory as a mate, which even the thoughtful girl might not realize until too late. If the young man's habit of unquestioning obedience to his mother has become unbreakable, he will put all the important problems of matrimony up to this higher court, a situation few wives can endure and none should.

Perhaps, before going into details of what sort of mate to seek, it might be well to tell where to find the right one. In certain cities there is an over-supply of women, which means that the choice of husbands is extra poor and that many girls must stay unmarried even though resigned to accepting almost anything. In other the reverse is the case, there is a woman-famine.

In the lists below, Professor Hart rates some of the country's best and worst cities for the point of view of the girl eager to make a happy marriage. The town to which she ought to buy a railroad ticket is the very one the marriage-minded young man should shun.

Cities with poor marriage chances. Showing the percentage of women unmarried at 22 who marry before 30. Lowell, Mass., 42.7; Manhattan, New York City, 42.1; Cambridge, Mass., 40.1; Boston, Mass., 38.8; Wilmington, Del., 47.3; Fall River, Mass., 40.4; Providence, R. I., 50.8; New Haven, Conn., 41.8; New Bedford, Mass., 51.3; Worcester, Mass., 52.1; Philadelphia, Pa., 53.2; Atlanta, Ga., 53.1; Bridgeport, Conn., 53.8; Hartford, Conn., 53.8; Norfolk, Va., 53.2.

Cities with good marriage chances. Showing the increased percentage of women unmarried at 22 who marry before 30. Dallas, Tex., 89.0; Houston, Tex., 67.0; Oakland, Cal., 67.7; Queens Borough, New York City, 66.6; Salt Lake City, 66.1; Bridgeport, Conn., 65.4; Richmond Borough, New York City, 65.2; Grand Rapids, Mich., 62.2; Toledo, Ohio, 64.6; Kansas City, Kan., 63.7; Spokane, Wash., 63.7; Akron, Ohio, 63.0; Fort Worth, Tex., 62.9; Yonkers, N. Y., 62.1; Milwaukee, Wis., 62.1.

If one does not wish to go to a large city, here is a choice of smaller ones: Small cities with poor marriage

chances. Showing percentage of women unmarried at 15-24 who marry within ten years. Brookline, Mass., 38.2; Newton, Mass., 55.3; Montclair, N. J., 57.0; Troy, N. Y., 58.6; Brooklyn, Mass., 58.9; Lawrence, Mass., 59.0; Waltham, Mass., 59.1; Salem, Mass., 59.3; Manchester, N. H., 59.7; Lowell, Mass., 60.2; Woonsocket, R. I., 61.8; Portland, Me., 61.9; Somerville, Mass., 62.9; Columbus, S. C., 62.2.

Cities with good marriage chances. Showing percentage of women unmarried at 15-24 who marry within ten years. Hamtramck, Mich., 85.7; East Chicago, Ind., 83.0; Hammond, Ind., 82.4; Flint, Mich., 81.3; Gary, Ind., 81.4; Beaumont, Tex., 80.0; Pontiac, Mich., 79.9; Anderson, Ind., 79.9; Lorain, Ohio, 79.4; Long Beach, Cal., 79.4; San Diego, Cal., 79.3; Warren, Ohio, 79.2; Oklahoma City, Okla., 79.2; Muskogee, Okla., 79.0; Ogden, Utah, 79.0.

These lists show that, in general, New England cities are the worst places in the United States for young women who aspire to get married. Of the 30 cities with the worst marriage opportunities, 22 are in New England. This is due in part to the fact that the textile and shoe industries of Massachusetts and of nearby States employ large numbers of women and thus create an unfavorable sex ratio. Among the most favorable places for the marriage prospects of young women are those in Michigan, Ohio, and northern Indiana. Of the 30 cities with the best marriage opportunities, 13 are in this region. One reason for this is that the automobile industry employs a large supply of unattached young men of the types from which a girl would be most willing to accept a mate.

For the young woman who is inter-

Many Romantic Stories Have Been Told of the Underella Weddings of Nurses to Wealthy Patients. But Actually a Nursing Career Is Much Less Likely to Lead to Marriage Than Many Other Occupations.

Bruce Steele, an El Paso Plumber, Has Had Fourteen Divorces. He Says That Winning a Woman Is Easy, But Dr. Hart's Investigation Reveals That Most Men Who Have Been Married Several Times Are Not Good Matrimonial Risks.

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should be considered preferred risks:

1. Greater happiness in the presence of the loved partner than in that of any other person.

2. Unrest and dissatisfaction when separated.

3. The intensive and extensive variety of things to say and do together.

4. Active eagerness to share one's own experience with the loved one.

5. Eagerness to understand and consider the point of view of the loved one.

6. The lover's own plans and interests kept organizing themselves around the partner.

7. The lover takes pride in the partner as compared with any other person.

8. Above all, the person truly in love is eager for the success of the loved partner—for his or her happiness and fulfillment of ambition.

Some jobs for women lead to marriage which is not so important as that they also tend to offer a wider and therefore happier choice of husbands. Dr. Hart has listed the following lines of employment in the order of their matrimonial value:

"Actress or dramatic manager; bookkeeper; stenographer; journalist; saleswoman for insurance; clerk in a store; hostess in a hotel, cafe, or tea room; nurse for a large firm; nurse, lawyer, teacher, dietitian, librarian, social worker, physician. This study indicates that high school teachers (except those in home economics departments) have a lower marriage rate than grade school teachers, and that only half of the trained nurses in the United States ever marry."

The papers print the news of poor nurses who win socially and financially desirable patients so often as to give the impression that the trained nurse's cap is quickly and easily displaced by the bridal veil. But they do not print the thousands of cases where that cap is set in vain.

Science confirms a woman's own knowledge that time runs against her

Being a Beauty Queen Is Not Exactly an Occupation, But These Pretty Prize Winners Are Notoriously Unfortunate in Their Marriages. Above Is Evelyn Eschling, "Miss Illinois." What Wedded Happiness Was Brief Even for a Beauty Queen. She Told a Judge She Didn't Even Remember Being Married.

much more heavily than against the man; but for both sexes the prospects decline rapidly after the early twenties. Professor Hart states:

"Among native whites of native parentage in the United States in 1930, the maximum prospect of marriage for women was at the age of 22. Of all those who were single at that age, 15.3 per cent. might expect to marry within a year. After that age the decline is swift. Of women single at the age of 35, not more than 2 per cent. can expect to marry within a year, and by 40 the expectation is a small fraction of one per cent. Men's expectation reaches its maximum at the age of 23, when 14.7 per cent. of the men who are single may expect to marry within a year. Their rate declines less rapidly. At 35, five or six per cent. of the single men may expect marriage within a year, while even at 55 nearly one per cent. of the bachelors may still look forward reasonably to being groomed within twelve months."

Old and young do not get along, and the trouble is worse when the wife is the old one. Educated and ignorant men may expect marriage within a year, while even at 55 nearly one per cent. of the bachelors may still look forward reasonably to being groomed within twelve months."

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Go to the Haunted Isle to Meet His Brother's "Ghost"

Mystery of the Death of the German Motion Picture Director Who Broke the Tabu On the South Sea's Most Sacred Spot and the Bad Luck That Has Followed Almost Everybody Who Had Anything To Do With It

DID Fred W. Murnau, German moving picture director who made the famous film "Tabu," die because he had outraged a real "tabu" in the South Sea Islands?

Common sense says that his death was just a coincidence, seized upon by the superstitious natives of the Society Islands. But the director's brother, Robert Murnau, has heard so many queer things not only from natives but hard-headed white people that he has gone back to that same spot and is violating the same tabus, to see what will happen.

Robert is not superstitious, in fact he claims to be of a scientific turn of mind and explained his strange trip in the following words:

"If my brother had died, even under the weirdest circumstances anywhere in the vicinity of Bora-Bora, I would have little doubt that it was plain murder or execution, with a few occult trimmings. But the punishes, natural or supernatural, preferred to hold their hands until Fred left for the United States and then, as he was leaving, had someone foretell his death to him. All the other things may have been tricks, accidents and coincidences, but how did they know he was going to be killed?"

"Fred was so busy with his picture work that he had no time to study the real effects of his tabu-breaking. I am going to violate the same ones, in cold blood, and then take notes on everything that happens. If a gigantic 'tapu' materializes again in the middle of the night, and I hurl three natives into a fire, I am going to be there to see him do it."

"If the ghosts of dead kings rise up from their graves under the house my brother built, I am not going shrieking out onto the lawn, but touch off a flashlight and try to get a good still picture. Maybe a royal ghost would get very angry, but I doubt it. If there is a spirit world these old monarchs must have learned about photographers and newspapers from newsmen. Every picture would get on the front page of every paper, and I never saw anybody from king to coolie who didn't want his face in the paper as soon as he understood about it."

"Even if I am wrong about that, there is one ghost that I know all about. Since my brother's death it has been his spirit more than any other that people say has caused them to flee from the house. When his apparition, if it was his, told them to get out of the place, I don't blame them for obeying, without waiting to ask why."

"But if my own brother's spirit appears to me with that same advice I am going to ask it to sit down on the edge of the bed and talk a while. He was a very busy man while alive, but a spirit's time can't be worth much and I know he'll be glad to chat a while. He will tell me whether the tabu really killed him and if so how it works and all about the whole spirit world. If Fred's spirit declines to do this, I will tell him it is not his brother at all but some sort of trick."

Fred Murnau was already celebrated in Europe and America from several pictures including "Felix," "Variety," "Sunrise," and "The Last Days of Pompeii." He had just finished his last film, "Tabu," for Papeete, Tahiti, to make his brother's last film.

Spending only a short time in Tahiti, making preliminary preparations for the starting of his motion picture, Murnau picked the island of Bora-Bora for the locale of his South Sea drama. His interest in this cinema venture was Robert Flaherty, famous for his "Mouana" and "The South Seas," and "Nanook of the North," who later sold out his interest in the production to Murnau. Bora-Bora had a history which interested the German director. Practically all the kings and high chiefs of the islands surrounding Bora-Bora were born here. It was the cradle for the international alliances, the "Hau-fa-fa-fa-ehs," where the chiefs met for conferences of a serious nature in the pagans days, and also here was located the greatest sacrificial altar, or "Marae" of heathen days, where victims of warfare were offered to the god Oro of Polynesia.

It was in Bora-Bora where the notorious "Arioi" society was formed, a



Fred Murnau, Whose Breaking of the Strict South Sea Tabu Caused, the Natives Say, His Mysterious Death.



The "Haunted House" of Murnau on Tainui Point, Papeete, Tahiti, Where Two Suicides Have Occurred and the Director's "Spook" Has Been Reported Seen.

group of sorcerers and entertainers who toured the Society Isles conducting indecipherable Black Magic and debauchery. Also, the name derived his name Bora-Bora, which means "First-Born" from a legend which told of its being the mother of all the gods of the Society Group. From Bora-Bora the chiefs sent out their stalwart warriors in their great double-canoes to conquer the surrounding islands.

Murnau arrived in Bora-Bora in September of 1929. Save for a few trips back to Tahiti for necessary camera equipment, he spent most of his time in the South Seas on this isle. The island was ideal for his motion picture. Its mountains were majestic, the valleys flowing with tropical verdure, and its palm-shaded beaches surrounded by a calm, blue expanse of tropical water, protected by a barrier coral-reef a mile or so from the shore. In this island he found the true native people necessary for his all-South Sea cast. Reri, the native girl, who later came to America and starred in the Ziegfeld Follies, he had found in Tahiti, but Matahi, the hero of the film, he discovered in Bora-Bora. Within the reef which encircles the island of Bora-Bora, approximately a mile out from the country district of Numea, is the small island of Toopua, and in the small northwest is Motutapu (Governor's Island), which received its name after the high chiefs formed the alliance for the outrigger races to send their chiefs to meet here for secret conferences. This was when the Arioi Society held supreme power in the Society Islands through witchcraft. The Arioi was vanquished at the time of French occupation in the early part of the nineteenth century.

And the ancient and terrible tabu still held sway here but natives of the noble class were concerned. Even a native in a sinking canoe would not dare to land there to fix the leak.



The "Apparition" of Murnau Has Been Decried as the Spectral Appearance of a Man in the Throes of Insane Agony and Weakness, Clutched by a Gigantic Old Chiefess Who Half Carries Him in One Arm.



Matahi and Reri, the Hero and Heroine of the Ill-Fated Film.



The Holy Island of Bora-Bora, Whose Centuries-Old Sanctity Was Violated by Murnau and His Motion Picture Crew.

It is a small coral islet, with a lagoon in the center; one can walk around it in fifteen minutes. This tabu-cursed spot was the one Murnau had to pick for most of his big scenes.

The decision raised a storm of protest. Chief Fauree, in whose house Murnau lived temporarily, was appointed to dissuade him from breaking this tabu of pagan days. One evening Fauree took the German director aside and told him of the tabu placed upon the islet. Fauree had tales to tell him of ghostly vengeance which had been visited upon violators of Motu-tapu. A native woman from Tahiti, ignorant of the tabu on this islet, landed and drank the water of a coconut to quench her thirst. She died that night in Vaiapae. An English tourist, scorning the admonitions of the natives, picked some flowers on the islet. Two days later, while sailing to the island of Maupiti beyond Bora-Bora in a sailing-canoe, he fell from the outrigger boom. At just that instant the white belly and open mouth of a shark appeared to catch him, as if by appointment.

There were tales also of ghostly apparitions which had been seen by fishermen who had passed near the atoll islet. On still, dark nights many natives swore they had heard the low growl of native drums on Motu-tapu, and above this, the resonant chanting of a savage song. One native paddling close to the northern coast of Motu-tapu on a moonlit night declared that "a warrior of Arioi days in the garb of red war feathers had sprung from the coral strand and thrown a spear at him." He had a deep gash on his shoulder to bear out his statement.

All this and more Fauree had to tell Murnau. The German director listened. He did not laugh at chief Vaiapae, or attempt to ridicule the tabu of the islet. He started Fauree by saying quietly, "Toumoua I shall have a palm-leaf hut built on Motu-tapu and live there until I am ready to begin shooting my picture."

The next day Murnau engaged a Chinese laborer to construct a simple hut of palm leaves on the beach of Motu-tapu. It was out of the question to expect a native to violate the tabu. With predictions of dire consequences still ringing in his ears, Murnau paddled out to the tabu islet with his German-police dog, which he had brought with him to the South Seas.

Fauree later warned him a second time. He said:

"You have not only violated the tabu of this island, but I have learned that your picture misrepresents us to the whole world. This is my second warning. My third will be too late."

But Murnau went ahead. With the aid of William Bambridge, a native of

Tahiti, and much money, he managed to get enough natives to risk the revolt of tabu. Only a few of the natives would remain on Motu-tapu overnight, the majority paddling back to the mainland in their canoes, and returning at daybreak to work. One evening a group of five natives, who had built their palm-leaf huts at the west end of the islet, ignited some fagots to drive away the hordes of mosquitoes that the land-winds had blown out from Bora-Bora to the tiny isle. They sat near the fire for an hour or two chatting on commonplace events.

William Bambridge, who was spear-throwing large fish in the water a hundred yards from the natives' camp, suddenly heard a terrifying commotion, intermingled with ear-splitting cries. He dropped his spear and rushed toward the camp. The fire, as well as he could see, had been extinguished. Coming closer, he saw three of the natives were lying prone on the embers, apparently lifeless. Quickly he dragged them from the fire.

The other two lay close by, writhing in agony, and moaning. Suspecting that they had quarreled among themselves, he berated them heatedly. Breathlessly and shaking with fright, they informed him that a huge black tapu-pau (ghost) had set upon them and thrown them bodily into their fire.

During the making of "Tabu" Murnau was constantly beset by ill-luck. Rainy days prevented progress. Friction entered the ranks of his employees. He quarreled with Robert Flaherty, and with other natives. Natives were taken ill, or injured on poisonous coral. Similar accidents happened in all such pictures but only the extraordinary number made them impressive until the "big scene" came.

One day a scene called for seventy canoes which set off happily over the calm waters until the natives saw that the destination was the "Royal Reef," another tabu place. There, half a dozen canoes deserted but the others were persuaded to go on. Just as they reached the forbidden reef a tidal wave roared in and wrecked them all. Many were injured and thousands of dollars' worth of equipment lost. This disaster broke Murnau's grip on the natives and forced him to finish the picture on unbelieved locations around Tahiti.

The director decided to build a home for himself and chase one of the loveliest spots in the South Seas, Tainui Point, about ten miles from Papeete.

The only reason it had not been snapped up long ago was that for centuries it had been the burial place of "great chiefdoms" which protected it with the greatest of all tabus. But Fred Murnau hardly had time to move into his splendid home when it was necessary to voyage to California to sell his picture now finished.

Old Fauree traveled over to say good-bye. He remarked quietly:

"This is your third warning. You will never come back because you will die in California and you will feel death coming."

As most everyone knows "Tabu" was a great success. Murnau had a ten-year contract to make South Sea pictures, with almost unlimited financial backing. But first he made an appointment to see Gouverneur Morris, the author, at Monterey, about 300 miles away, to get him to novelize "Tabu." That morning a queer agitation gripped him. All day he kept the car waiting, unable to make up his mind to start. Murnau said to his private secretary:

"I feel as if I shouldn't go. I am frightened at something I am unable to explain."

Finally with a shrug of his shoulders, as if to fling aside the dark thoughts that filled his mind, he called his police dog, Pal, and entered the car. The car sped out the highway for the coast road that led to Monterey. Darkness settled upon the road and the speeding car. Some hours later, Murnau called to the chauffeur in a queer voice: "Perhaps it would be better if you stopped. My dog is acting strangely."

"Pal," the German police dog, was growling and jumping excitedly in the rear seat of the car. The chauffeur said afterward that he supposed Murnau meant to stop at the next town.

A minute later and Fred Murnau was lying unconscious in the wreckage of his car. A huge truck had materialized out of the darkness and there had been a head-on crash. The chauffeur and the dog were not injured. The police dog fled, howling into the night, and never regained consciousness.

Murnau's home was rented, but not for long. Two tenants committed suicide there and others moved out. The story became widely circulated that the apparition of Murnau had been repeatedly seen. It was described as a spectral appearance of a man in the throes of intense agony and weakness, clutched by the "spook" of a gigantic old chiefess who had carried him in one arm. This is what Brother Robert heard. He must to see or forever the superstitious stories.

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These Latest Paris Models
Offer Suggestions for
American Dressmakers
and May Be Copied or
Adapted by Them in
American Materials.

Lucile Pareo's
Model is an
Afternoon (out,
but instead of
Being in Black,
It is in Beige,
Trimmed With
Beaver. The Skirt Part
Is Slim and Straight
At the Waist There is a
Pin-Tucked Band,
Imitating a Belt. The
Very Big Sleeves Are
Cut kimono, and Set in
on a Line That Begins
at the Waist-Itself. They
Grow Smaller Towards
the Wrist. The Beaver
Collar Is Tied in Front With a
Bow of the Material, Soft Folds
of the Waisted Fabric Showing
Above It, Close to the Throat.
In the Back the Fur Descends
in Two Wide Bands, Down
Each Side, With a Slight Blousing
of the Material Between the
Bands. The Collar, in the
Back, Is in Soft Hood Folds
of the Material.

Lucile Parav's
Model is One
Afternoon Coat,
but Instead of
Front in Black
It Is in Beige,
Trimmed With
Beaver. The Skirt Falls
Straight At the Waist There Is
a Pin-Tucked Band,
Imitating a Belt. The
Sleeves Are Sleeved
As Kimono, and Set in
on a Line That Begins
at the Waist Itself. They
Are Gathered at the
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Collar Is Tied in Soft Folds
of the Material, Spent With
the Neck. The Skirt Shows
Above It, Close to the Throat
In the Back the Fur Descends
in Wide Bands. Down
Each Side, Wide Slits Show
of the Material Between the
Bands. The Collar, in the
Back, Is in Soft Hood Folds
of Material.

[illegible][illegible]

Lucile Parry's coat is of afternoon type. It is in beige for in her collections the coats are all either black trimmed with black fur, or beige trimmed with beaver or nutria. This coat is also on slim lines, with a band of tucking at the waist that imitates a belt. The sleeves are so big at the armhole that they are set in on a line with the belt. Patou also likes this sleeve for Winter. The fur is

The heat of early September always brings with it the showings of what women must wear this Winter. The mannequins parade in voluminous fur coats, wearing fur trimmed hats that make all the spectators even colder than they are. All sorts of sensations are promised for the coming Winter.

The mystery around the dressmaking establishment hovers heavy, for there is nothing the Parisian couturier fears more than a leak on advance information as to exactly what he intends to do for women. Even the employees are never allowed to see an advance model.

Judging by the Coats Already Seen at the Leading Dressmakers and Tailors, We Shall Find That They Are Fitted Through the Body, and Original for Trimmings Next Winter.

Bernard, in This Slim Black Velours de Laine Model Lays Persian Lamb in the Lower Part of the Sleeves, and Lets It Appear in Stripes in the Body of the Coat. The Collar Is a Straight Band of the Material, Lined With Lamb, and Worn Buttoned Over.

wide band of beaver, tied in front with
a cravat of the wool material, the
running down the back in a band on
side, finishing at the tucked belt. The
material is slightly bloused over the belt
and falls in hood folds between the
bands of fur at the neck in the back.

There will be no many afternoon coats of black, soft-finished woolsens, on the order of velours de laine, trimmed with fox. The skins are massed, using the upper part of the body. Some houses continue to make the fur sleeves, but were so successful last Winter; others use their furs in bands down the backs as in the Lucile Paray model; others, again, prefer the round collar, close to the throat; while still others retain the bolero lines. The only collar that is not seen at all, is the familiar "shawl" variety; this fashion has passed completely out of the mode for the present.

In fur coats, the season will begin with many three-quarter models, extremely simple, and quite tailored—style. Fatou shows three of them, one in leopard, one in beaver, and the third in broadtail. They all have plain skirts and wide lapels. The broadtail is decorated with no eccentricity or originality of a kind. A coat of this sort is very useful in the wardrobe, because it gives you over any skirt length, and skirt coats at the moment, are quite varied. They remain short for country, sport and travel wear; come just to the turn of the calf for the town. The beaver is actually lengthen as the gown becomes more a mail for afternoon wear. It is difficult to wear them all with the same coat and for this reason, if for no other, the three-quarter fur jacket will probably

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Mrs. Robert McAdoo

"Mrs. McAdoo has a fine delicate skin that is supple and has a fresh appearance. No noticeably large pores, wrinkles or disfiguring marks."—*Dermatologist's Report.* Mrs. McAdoo says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and several times during the day."



The Countess of Warwick

"Lady Warwick's skin has the healthy elasticity, the youthful suppleness of skin under twenty. She has no blemishes, roughness or enlarged pores."—*London Physician's Report.* Lady Warwick says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin soft and fine. I use it generously."



Lady Smiley

"Lady Smiley's skin has the bloom of a girl in the teens. Circulation good. No blemishes."—*London Physician's Report.* Lady Smiley says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clean and soft—prepares it for powder." (Note: Pond's is the largest selling Cold Cream in England.)



Mrs. Adolph Spreckels, Jr.

"Mrs. Spreckels has a perfect skin, younger than her age. Texture fine, tone excellent. No blackheads."—*Dermatologist's Report.* Mrs. Spreckels says: "Two years ago I began using Pond's. My skin began to get smoother, softer. Lines left, never came back."

Dermatologists examine skin of noted beauties—

Find it free from skin faults usual at their age

DERMATOLOGISTS judge the age of your skin by certain definite points. By loss of tone (elasticity of tissue) . . . by impaired vasomotor circulation . . . by development of wrinkles . . . by loss of natural skin oils.

From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally "blooms." The color glows. The skin is soft, yet firm. Not a hint of a line.

From twenty on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins.

Deep down in your skin thousands of tiny oil glands are beginning to function less and less.

When these oils begin to fail, the skin actually shrinks! Gets harsh—lined—sallow!

Replace Natural Oils . . . this Way

The only way to check these faults is to *replace* those failing oils!

That is what Pond's Cold Cream does!

It contains the purest of specially processed oils that sink into the skin . . . stir up the deep skin to vigorous action. Revitalize it. Liven up the circulation. Erase lines that are threatening to crease into wrinkles.

That is why the women who use Pond's have 'ins that appear a full ten years younger, or more, than their actual age. Not only wealthy women but women of all classes. Of all types. Of all ages. These women are finding out how swiftly this single cream can bring back youth and beauty to their faces.

Today—actually **1 out of every 5 women who use cream uses Pond's** . . . though there are over a thousand creams on the market!

Use Pond's Cold Cream every night

Pond's is a superb cleanser and much more than a cleanser. Use it night and morning for pore-deep cleansing, for softening, for tissue stimulation, and to prepare your skin for powder.

Always at night . . . every night . . . smooth Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck. Pat it in briskly for just a moment. You will feel its gentle oils seeping into the pores—floating out and away the day's accumulation of

**Deep-Penetrating,
Specially Processed
Oils in this Cream
keep skin Young-
soft-wrinkle-free**



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses. Corrects skin faults. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream.
Pond's Liquefying Cream serves the same purposes—is quicker melting. Cleanses and beautifies.

make-up, dust, grime—dissolving incipient blackheads. This easy-to-do nightly cleansing takes so little time—it means so much to your skin. Try it and see what it will do for you.

In the morning, awaken your skin with this fragrant refreshing cream. It silken the skin, prepares it delightfully for powder. And every time you freshen your make-up during the day, never fail to cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream.

If you would treat your skin with this luscious cream in this regular way for even ten days, the improvement in your skin would amaze you. You will be delighted with the soft, silken texture and the fine-grained loveliness your skin acquires.

This rich cream gives more than a passing

loveliness. It actually builds beauty in the skin. The more often you use it—every day—the more faithful you are to it from month to month—just so much more will your skin be benefited.

Depend upon Pond's Cold Cream—it serves every complexion need. Use it night and morning—know the full measure of beauty its regular use will bring to your skin.

New Liquefying Cream . . . cleanses as well as beautifies

Pond's also makes a new, quicker melting cream that melts the instant it touches the skin. Not only is this new cream a thorough cleanser but it, too, contains the same specially processed oils as the famous Pond's Cold Cream.

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS in 20's



FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS after 30



Miss Eleanor Roosevelt in her twentieth year, used Pond's Cold Cream to ward off skin faults usual in the 20's and to keep her lovely complexion.



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has been a constant user of Pond's Cold Cream for years. Her skin is as lovely as it was in her teens.



Give it a 3-day trial . . . Tear out the coupon below this very day and send with 10¢ for a liberal supply of this youth-sustaining cream with samples of three other beauty aids.

Pond's EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. F, 36 Hudson Street, New York City
I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐ I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

The Meeting of Dan Yeo By Otwell Billie

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DAN YEO, a young man of twenty, was a native of the island of New Guinea. He had been brought to the island by a British officer, and had been living there for some time. He was a very brave and adventurous man, and had been through many hardships. He was now on a mission to find a treasure, a golden-haired princess, and a mysterious island in the South Seas.

CHAPTER VIII.

Pursued.

It was a very hot day, and the sun was shining brightly. Dan Yeo was walking through a dense forest, and he was looking for a place to hide. He had been pursued by a group of natives, and he was now alone. He was very tired, and he was looking for a place to rest. He was walking through a dense forest, and he was looking for a place to hide. He had been pursued by a group of natives, and he was now alone. He was very tired, and he was looking for a place to rest.



To Port Yeavought the Glow of a Fire Wd Figures Dancing and It.

He counted no less than five marks against those combined sack the mammal was helpless. I saw the great creature roll in air, as its enemies tore from it outfalls of living meat, a range moaning sound came from the center of swirling ster, and once more the whale sight the deep again working in deliverance that was denied it.

The Story of a Fabulous Treasure, a Golden-Haired Princess, and a Mysterious Island in the South Seas

must have happened since prisoned today. Minutes passed and the who did not reappear. The sun sank lower, and the flame of it reflected in the sea was most blood-red. He stared around the wide circle of the sea looking for the harried victim that held his thoughts, knowing that sooner or later it must be driven to the surface for breath. He failed to find it anywhere.

The sun was setting rapidly now, and as his eyes swept the glowing horizon, he saw that with little more than a quarter of an hour to go, the flames above the rim of the sea. In two minutes or so it would be gone, and all the while sea ways would grow dark. Something obscured the fiery half-circle slipping downward so swiftly. A moment later it became a black silhouette against the glowing fire—the outline of a big. The sun slid out of sight below the horizon, and the vessel he had observed still remained, outlined against the marvelous and transient afterglow—a stark, phantasmal mysterious thing, whose unexpected appearance on that sea so empty of ships had to his mind something strange and ominous.

While he stared at it, far off, the colored sea was churned by a rush of great antagonists, and again he saw a thrasher leap in the swiftly-waning light, and knew that still the wolves of the sea hurried their hasty victim. In the second he was again against the ring of turgid faces that he had faced on San Kerp's veranda, and remembered suddenly that the men into whose hands he had fallen had been peering the cross Sashen from the Doreक्टर. And the latter was a big—

Again his eyes sought the vessel which he had seen so darkly outlining the night, but already it was lost in the mists of night. He stared for a long time, wondering if the thought that had occurred to him was the right one. Was that ves-

(Continued on Page 18)

IT ALWAYS CAUSES A QUARREL

NONSENSE! I TRIED ONE ONCE!

I'LL PROVE IT! THIS ONE IS NEW!

30 MINUTES LATER

JOHN WAS SO PUT OUT, BUT I JUST HAVEN'T THE ENERGY TO WASH AND WASH AND THEN ARRANGE A PICNIC.

WHY MARY, NO WONDER IT TAKES YOU SO LONG TO WASH, ISN'T THAT A "CHIP" SOAP YOU'RE USING?

YES, IT'S CHIP, BUT I'D RATHER SCRUB ALL DAY THAN USE HARSH GRANULATED SOAP. I TRIED IT ONCE... AND IT PRACTICALLY ATE UP MY CLOTHES. NEVER AGAIN!

BUT MARY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD? THERE'S A NEW GRANULATED SOAP INVENTION... OXYDOL... THAT'S ABSOLUTELY SAFE. WAIT A MINUTE. I WANT TO SHOW YOU.

BUT LOIS, WHY BOTHER? TOLD YOU I TRIED IT! WASHING GRANULATED SOAP ONCE... AND IT WAS TOO HARSH. IT WAS TOO HARSH.

NOW MARY, DON'T BE FOOLISH. I TOLD YOU OXYDOL IS ENTIRELY DIFFERENT. IT LOOKS LIKE SOAP, BUT IN 15 MINUTES SOAKING IT GETS CLOTHES 4 TO 5 TIMES WHITER THAN OTHER SOAPS IN HALF THE TIME.

15 MINUTES' SOAKING! WHY THAT SOAP MUST BE TWICE AS STRONG AS THE ONE I TRIED. DON'T YOU DARE—

I'M DOING YOU A FAVOR! YOU WAIT AND SEE. JUST LOOK AT THOSE SUIS.

15 MINUTES LATER

WHY, THAT'S MIRACULOUS! WHY IS MARY'S SOAKING AND THOSE CLOTHES ARE SHADIER WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE. BUT LOIS, ARE YOU POSITIVE THAT SOAP IS SAFE?

SAFE? I USED IT AT LEAST 20 TIMES ON THIS COLORED DRESS—AND SEE IT'S JUST AS FRESH AND BRIGHT AS NEW!

YOU, TOO, WILL BE ASTONISHED — READ THESE FACTS—MAKE THIS TEST

New Million Dollar Granulated Soap Invention Combines Safety With Utmost Speed. At Last A Safe Fast-Washing Soap That Actually Loosens Dirt Out of Clothes in 15 Minutes! Soaking—And Gets Them 4 to 5 Shades Whiter Than Other Soaps Without One Bit of Scrubbing or Boiling.

● No X and Improved Oxydol is different from any bar, flakes or ordinary granulated soap ever used. Different in the way it's made and in the results it gets.

Due to its patented process of making, Oxydol dissolves dirt and completely in hard or soft water, leaving no residue.

1. A given thick, 3-inch web, rich as whisper.

2. Soak 2 pans, filled with equal amounts of water, put equal amounts of (1) your favorite soap and (2) the New and Improved Oxydol. Then soak a dirty towel in each for 15 minutes by the clock. Then rinse.

● IF IN YOUR OPINION the towel that soaked in Oxydol doesn't wash out whiter, smell sweeter, take the unused portion of the package of Oxydol, back to your grocer with this ad and get your money back.

YOUR MONEY BACK If This Test Fails in Your Home

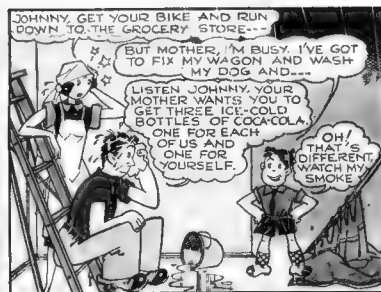
Send your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Box 666, Dept. A, Cincinnati, Ohio, and we'll see you get a regular 10c package (enough for 2 full washings) absolutely free. Or to avoid delay—get Oxydol, today from your own grocer.

Accept **FREE Trial**

Send your name and address to Procter & Gamble, Box 666, Dept. A, Cincinnati, Ohio, and we'll see you get a regular 10c package (enough for 2 full washings) absolutely free. Or to avoid delay—get Oxydol, today from your own grocer.

16

The pause that refreshes will make husbands more helpful



Ice-cold Coca-Cola is every place else;
it ought to be in your family refrigerator

• Order it by the case (24 bottles) from your dealer •



* You can be sure it is pure and wholesome. Coca-Cola is a pure drink of natural products, with no artificial flavor or coloring. Complying with pure food laws all over the world.

The woman came to her feet

Through the day he was on alert, watching the sea in

American Weekly, the Great Britain

INTERNATIONAL

PER CO. World's

argest Paper Mo

75

YES, HAZEL, BECAUSE SEMINOLE GIVES YOU MORE FOR YOUR MONEY. FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF A ROLL OF SEMINOLE CONTAINS 1000 SHEETS. A ROLL OF ORDINARY PAPER 500 TO 600 SHEETS

I'M THE SILLY SPEND-THRIFT GRACE, AND YOU ARE THE SMART ONE. BUT THAT WON'T BE FOR LONG. SEMINOLE FOR ME FROM NOW ON.

For less than you now pay for ordinary paper you can give your family the luxury of this amazingly soft, snow-white bathroom tissue.

It is so different—so vastly superior to ordinary bathroom paper, it will thrill you.

Imagine! So soft and absorbent it feels like cotton—so pure its sheets gleam with snowy whiteness.

That's not all. Each sheet is carefully sterilized, rolled and then wrapped and sealed rightly to protect it from dust, germs, bacteria, etc.

And because Seminole Tissue has 1000 sheets to the roll... instead of the usual 500 to 600... it lasts twice as long, thereby costs less.

For economy, for safety, and for gentle softness ask for Seminole Tissue

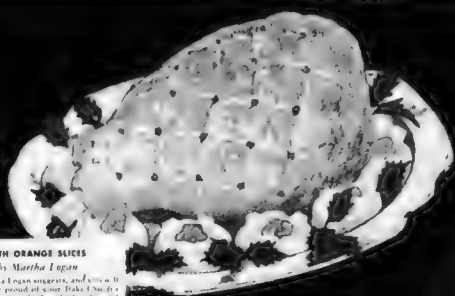
On sale now at thousands of stores at special attractive prices.

SEMINOLE PAPER CORPORATION

Division of

INTERNATIONAL PAPER CO. *World's Largest Paper Manufacturer*

MINOLE PAPER CORPORATION
Division of
World Ingest Paper Mfg.

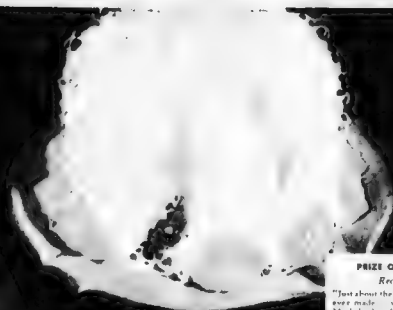


HAM WITH ORANGE SLICES

Recipe by Martha Logan

Prepare it as Mary's Logan suggests, and you will be more than ever proud of your Turkey. Use the Premium Ham. The garnish of orange and spruce leaves is a credit to the small party or a grand looking and good taste. See recipe offer below #1.

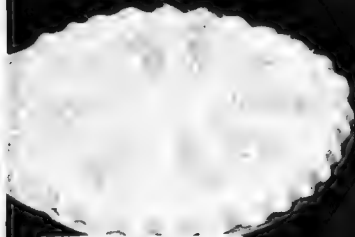
HAVE
YOU MADE
them?



PRIZE ORANGE COCONUT CAKE

Recipe by Betty Crocker

"Just about the best that Betty Crocker and I have ever made." Mrs. H. H. Lee, when she won the 1934 Medal of Merit. Kitchen tested. Place cake with orange layers, orange filling, marshmallows, orange meringue, and coconut icing. See recipe offer below #2.

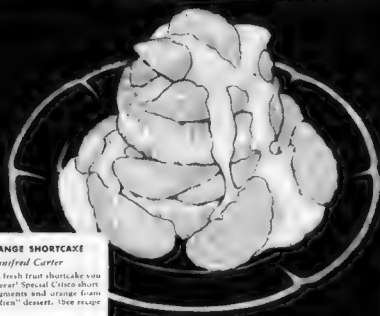


AMBROSIA PIE

Recipe by Thomas Lee Barton

Another recipe which has helped to make the past year memorable is Ambrosia Pie, as suggested by the Baker's Control group. The pie's orange segments also each piece gives a taste to the orange filling and coconut meringue that adds for second helpings. See recipe offer below #3.

The Six "Star" Orange Recipes of the year...



SUMPTUOUS ORANGE SHORTCAKE

Recipe by Winifred Carter

And here's that recipe, a fresh fruit shortcake you can serve any day in the year! Special Citrus shortcake biscuits, orange segments and orange foam sauce make it a "servable" dessert. See recipe offer below #4.

As Advertised by
the makers of
some of your
favorite
food
products

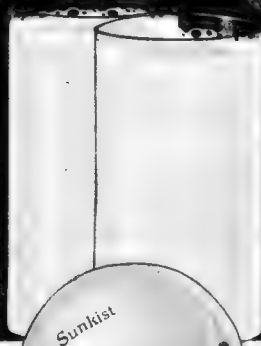


PRUNE ORANGE CHEESE SALAD

Recipe by Mrs. Knox

Mrs. Knox has planned for your next party, cheese-stuffed prunes on orange slices, each one enclosed in the sauce of Knox Gelatin flavored with fresh orange juice. See recipe offer below #5.

Oranges give you *All four* of the known protective food essentials that help to keep the body *Youthfully Vigorous!*



VITAMIN C
VITAMIN B
VITAMIN A
CALCIUM

OF COURSE you will want to try these six All-Star Recipes chosen from scores in the magazines of the past twelve months. Not only because they are truly delicious, but because included in every one are the health advantages of oranges!

Now, as you may have heard, science explains the reasons for two glasses daily of fresh orange juice—or the equivalent in other servings.

Four Health Essentials

Youthful vigor is promoted and the prime of life prolonged by a diet complete in the Four Known Protective Food Essentials—vitamins A, B and C, and calcium.

Oranges contain all four. They

are especially rich in the important vitamin C, the unstable vitamin which is *not stored in the body*. For this reason, science recommends one glass of fresh orange juice at breakfast—another later in the day.

Dental Benefits Discovered

In a recent 3½-year diet study, two glasses of fresh orange juice (with half a lemon in each) were added to the well-balanced daily diet of 341 children. Tooth decay lessened 57%. Gum troubles decreased 83%. Growth improved.

Also, oranges aid digestion and help to prevent acidosis.

Start Now

Start your family now on two glasses of orange juice a day and

serve delicious healthful orange salads and desserts often. Just be sure the trademark "Sunkist" is stamped on the skin and tissue wrapper of the oranges you buy. Sunkist Valencias, now in season, are wonderfully sweet and juicy.

*FREE—"Star" Recipes and 200 Others

Mail coupon now for the full instructions for making these six "Star" recipes and the free booklet "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day," describing 200 more delicious servings. Check coupon if you also wish the booklet, "World's New Dental Story," telling how science made the latest health discoveries about citrus fruits.

Copyright, 1934, California Fruit Growers Exchange

HANDY HOME EXTRACTORS

Sunkist Junior Electric Juice Extractor \$12.95. Neat, strong. Guaranteed for home use. Only two instantly removable parts to clean. On sale at your dealer's.

Sunkist Juniorette, new home electric juice extractor, only \$6.95 complete with special glass and strainer. Beige ivory and nickel finish. Easy-to-clean alabaster glass bowl and handleware bulb. On sale at your dealer's.

Sunkist Hard Reamer \$5.00 (Canada \$6.00). Pink, green or white alabaster glass. At your dealer's.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
Dept. 1709, Box 530, San Jose
Los Angeles, California

☐ Send FREE, "Six Star Recipes" and "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day."

☐ Send FREE, "World's New Dental Story."

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

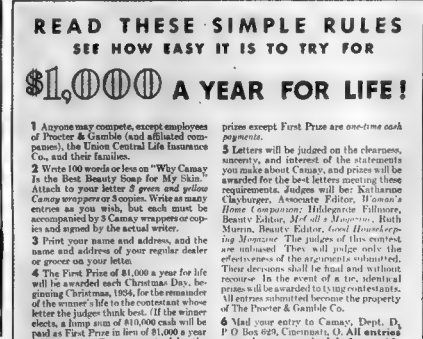
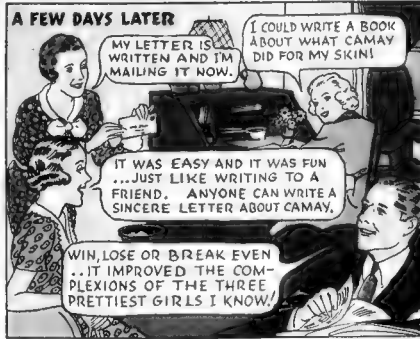
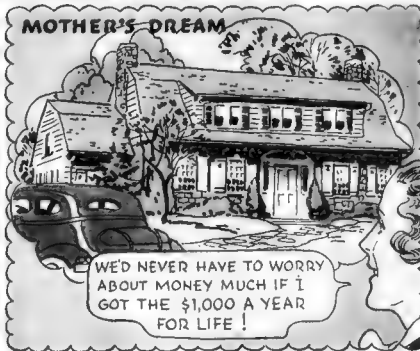
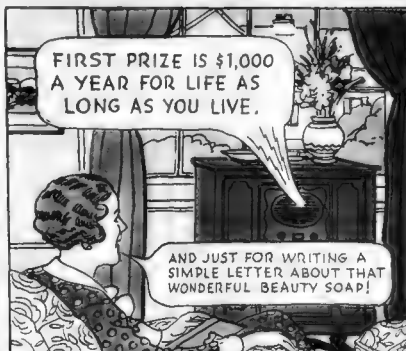
Sunkist
JUICE-FULL Valencia
Oranges
FROM CALIFORNIA

THE DRAKE FAMILY IS OUT TO WIN

\$1,000 free

EVERY YEAR FOR LIFE!

.. THEY ENTER THE CAMAY "Dreams Come True" CONTEST"



CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 15th! IT'S FUN! ENTER NOW! HUNDREDS WILL WIN BIG CASH PRIZES!

JUST think—all you have to do is write a short, simple letter, such as you would write to a friend. And that easy-to-write letter may bring you all the luxuries you've always yearned for!

To the woman who writes the best letter of 100 words or less on "Why Camay is the Best Beauty Soap for My Skin," Procter & Gamble, the makers of Camay will award \$1,000 a year, every year for life!

554 other prizes, too. Each in a single cash payment. Second Prize is \$1,000 cash. Third prize is \$750 cash. See the entire list at the right!

Here's All You Have to Do

First try Camay. Use it on your face and hands and in your bath.

Notice how quickly it lathers, how smooth it leaves your skin.

Then write a letter telling why you like this fine beauty soap. Mail your letter with 3 green and yellow Camay wrappers, or 3 copies of the wrapper drawn by yourself, and you'll be entered in Camay's great Contest!

Try Camay Today—Try for a Prize

Your dealer is now featuring the Soap of Beautiful Women at its amazing low price. Get several cakes of Camay today. Save the wrappers. Then write your letter on "Why Camay is the Best Beauty Soap for My Skin." Your letter and 3 Camay wrappers are all you need to enter. No entry blank required.

100 EXTRA PRIZES for QUICK ACTION

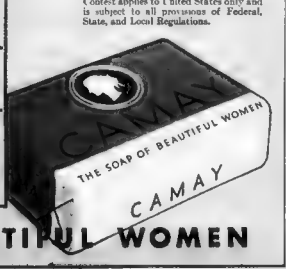
If your entry is received between September 15 and September 30, 1934, it may be awarded one of the special prizes of \$10 to be given for each of the 100 best letters received from women during this period. Winning one of these prizes will not in any way affect your opportunity for winning one of the 554 regular contest prizes.

LISTEN IN

WEAP and a NBC Network "Dreams Come True" Radio Program. Hear Harry McKinley, sensational new singer, and more news about the contest. Every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, 2:00 p.m., 5:15 p.m. and 2:45 p.m., C.S.T. (See newspapers for time of broadcast in your city.)

554 PRIZES! FOR LETTERS TELLING "Why Camay is the Best Beauty Soap for My Skin"

GRAND PRIZE	\$1,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE
2nd PRIZE	\$1,000 cash in one payment
3rd PRIZE	\$750 cash in one payment
4th PRIZE	\$250 cash in one payment
50 PRIZES OF	\$100 each, cash in one payment
500 PRIZES OF	\$10 each, cash in one payment



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The Married Antelope His Parlor by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 22)

side, a woman doesn't go into an early decline these days like our grandmothers did. The average girl of today is as physically fit as the average man, even more so. And as for looks, the modern Beauty Parlor could make my grandmother look like a flapper if only she had the inclination, plus enough cash. No, that argument doesn't hold water, my dear. What's the real reason? You're not going to tell me you've fallen for Clive again now he's come back into the picture?"

A slight flush of annoyance rose to Freda's temples, she always resented anyone interfering in her affairs, even someone of whom she was as fond as she was of Gwen. She had been independent too long.

"Of course I haven't fallen for him. But it's pleasant to be friends."

"Humph! About as pleasant as to be friends with the snake I should say," Gwen commented dryly.

"He has explained why he married that woman," Freda returned sharply.

"A man who made me as miserable as he once made you would have to explain until he was hoarse, and then I wouldn't listen to him," Gwen returned, pushing her coffee cup aside with an angry jerk. "I don't trust that young man, Freda, I never did, and I never will. Besides, what's he living on now, I'd like to know?"

"He has an income left by his wife," Freda told her.

"You bet he has if he has any money at all! That man couldn't live without spending money."

"And how do you know he won't lose every cent if he marries again? Old women who marry young men often like to keep their wings clipped from the grave, as it were."

"He will lose most of his money if he marries again," Freda explained. "But he told me I still have five thousand a year."

"I shouldn't say five thousand would go far considering the pace he's living at," Gwen remarked. "And if he will lose most of his money when he marries again I'm sure he'll remain a bachelor, which for your sake is the best thing that can happen."

"He spoke she glanced at her wrist watch and gave a faint startled cry.

"Gee, I'm late already, and I have the representative from a big Paris warehouse coming in this afternoon. Not that I'm going to give him much in the way of an order. As far as women's clothes are concerned we can outsmart the foreigners any day of the year."

Freda laughed. "Exit Miss Gwen Maitland, singing The Star Spangled Banner. Never mind about the check, it's my turn to pay."

"I won't argue with you," she paused a moment and touched Freda's arm. "You're not annoyed with me because of that lecture I gave you on the subject of the boy friend?"

Freda shook her head smiling. "Of course not. I know you too well to mind, but I know you know me too well to hope I'll benefit by it."

night, and it would be pleasant to have a rest and a bath first. On her way into the house where her apartment was, the janitor's wife stopped her.

"A gentleman called to see you, and since he said he would wait I let him into my apartment. I hope that's all right, Miss Miller?" It seemed a pity to think of him standing out in the corridor all afternoon."

"How do you know you haven't let a burglar into my apartment?" Freda repeated gently.

Mrs. Jenkins threw up her hands in horror. "Don't suggest it, miss. I never thought of that." Freda refrained from commenting that from her past association with Mrs. Jenkins if she ever did think it wasn't noticeable.

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"What do you mean by forcing your way into my apartment, Mr. Wilburn?" Freda demanded.

regardless of other people's feelings, Mr. Wilburn."

He looked interested. "Do you now? I wouldn't have thought I was as thick skinned as that, but you may be right. You have a depressing habit of being right, haven't you? You said I was going to become engaged to Bob, and you have become engaged to him."

Freda stiffened. Though she had determined to break her engagement to Bob, she would rather have died than give him the satisfaction of hearing her say so.

"If that's what you came to talk about, I'm afraid you're wasting your time here, Mr. Wilburn."

"Oh, that's quite all right," he replied affably. "I've plenty of time. Nothing at all to do until dinner this evening. Aren't you going to invite me to sit down?"

"You're quite at liberty to sit down if you wish to."

"Thank you awfully," he subsided again into the deep easy chair and three one leg over the arm of it. "Do you mind if I smoke? Perhaps you'll join me and have one. No? Well, I don't blame you. Tobacco is not what it used to be. But what I really want to talk to you about was the silver. You remember I promised you a solid silver table set as wedding present? Would you like the family crest on it or your own initials? Rather an imposing affair, the Wilburn family crest, or perhaps you haven't chosen yet."

Freda turned towards him with an angry gesture. Determined as she always was not to lose her temper she could never help herself.

"See here, Mr. Wilburn, you didn't come here to talk about the silver, or even the Wilburn family crest, did you? I don't know whether your interminable chatter annoys you but it most certainly doesn't amuse me. I find it quite..."

"Insufferable!" Kent supplied the word affably. "That's rather a favorite word of yours, I think."

"Oh!" She had lost her temper now completely. She clenched her hands and stamped her foot at him. "Will you kindly say what you have to say and go, Mr. Wilburn."

that he was lonely. And because she had so often been lonely herself it struck a responsive chord in her.

"Bob's in Maine," she told him. He went up to the Graham wedding and stayed on to do a short auto tour to Quebec."

He raised one eyebrow slightly. "Have I? I guess I have. Truda made much the same remark to me once. At first she thought I had a curious way of showing my love for her."

There was a pause. Kent found himself wondering why he should be talking of Truda to this girl. His love for his dead wife was something he rarely mentioned.

From the very first, in a curious way, Freda had reminded him of Truda. Not that they were at all alike except in the way they affected him.

He rose from out of the armchair, and took several paces down the room.

"I'll do what I can with Bob," she said after a slight pause. "But I'm afraid after he comes back, I won't have much influence with him."

"What do you mean by forcing your way into my apartment, Mr. Wilburn?" Freda demanded.

regardless of other people's feelings, Mr. Wilburn."

He looked interested. "Do you now? I wouldn't have thought I was as thick skinned as that, but you may be right. You have a depressing habit of being right, haven't you? You said I was going to become engaged to Bob, and you have become engaged to him."

Freda stiffened. Though she had determined to break her engagement to Bob, she would rather have died than give him the satisfaction of hearing her say so.

"Did he now? That's kind of you to tell me. I wonder he could trust himself away from you, even for so short a time."

Suddenly Freda found there were tears in her eyes, sharp, stinging tears she couldn't account for. Momentarily losing control of herself she burst out:

"If you'd only stop being so mean and sarcastic, Mr. Wilburn, I'd give you more news of your son. I didn't want to quarrel with you, though you probably blame me for it. I've asked him repeatedly to make it up with you. Of course, there's no reason for you to believe what I say, except that I've never lied to you, and again I'm sure you won't believe that."

She had expected him to laugh at her, or make some mocking comment. Why couldn't she learn to control herself better? There was something about sparring with Kent that shattered her self-control. But now, rather to her surprise, he wasn't going to laugh at her. He was regarding her seriously, and his blue eyes were grave.

"I say, I'm sorry I upset you, Miss Miller. I don't come here with that intention, but there's a perverse streak in me that makes me behave most unpardonably to the people I like best."

He smiled and added: "You do like me. I've really a great respect and admiration for you, though I'm not convinced you're the ideal wife for Bob."

"If you have any respect or liking for me you've a curious way of showing it," she couldn't resist retorting.

He raised one eyebrow slightly. "Have I? I guess I have. Truda made much the same remark to me once. At first she thought I had a curious way of showing my love for her."

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that he was lonely. And because she had so often been lonely herself it struck a responsive chord in her.

"I'll be frank with you, Miss Miller," he said at last in a low quiet voice. "I did come here to get news of Bob. I even intended to ask you to introduce with him for me. You see," he paused.

"Bob's all I have in the world. I'm rather stupidly fond of him."

He smiled apologetically, and she saw a faint embarrassed flush rise to his cheeks. She knew how calling it must be for him to have to ask her, a practical stranger, to introduce for him with his own son.

"Bob and I were mighty close until just recently," he went on quietly. "As you know we quarreled. I'm willing to admit now he had some justification for quarreling with me. I guess I behaved pretty contemptibly. I apologize."

Again Freda found stupid tears crowding into her eyes. She turned her face sharply aside. Illogically she found herself thinking, "I knew all along he could be nice if he'd only let himself be. Perhaps that's why his past behavior hurt me so much—because instinctively I liked him."

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flashing pain—penetrates
right to the trouble!

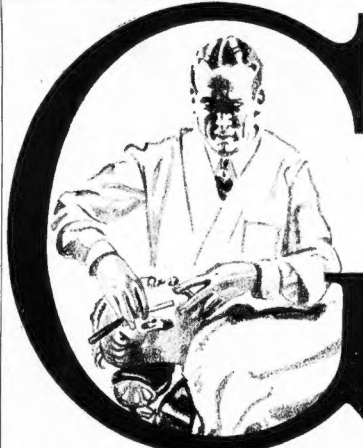
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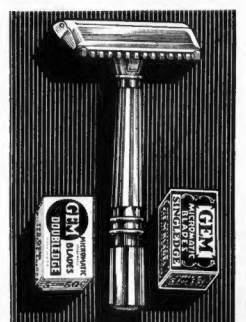
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Turning Fruit Jewels into Colorful Jellies

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

CERES, ancient Goddess of the Harvest, is a most generous deity and patron of the housewife. Dressed in her gold and russet of Autumn, she offers her most luscious and varied fruits.

At every market and in every store the housewife is offered a colorful array: baskets of anemone grapes, bunches of coral quinces, ruby apples and emerald pears. What a temptation to transform these precious fruit jewels into crystallized and permanent form for delight in the dull days of Winter!

Home-made jellies which hold the rich juices and imprisoned sunshine of their fresh fruits are the pride of every housekeeper. Quivering, sparkling, and flavorful, such home-made varieties add wholesomeness and variety to every occasion. For sandwiches in the children's lunch box, for the afternoon bridge or tea table, as a useful accessory to cold meats, or as a bright topping to the Winter dessert, jellies and jams play an important role.

But frequently even the most treasured recipe seems to go wrong and the product will not "jelly." What can be done about it? It is well known that pectin is the substance which puts the "jelly" into jelly.

Most of the failures and disappointments in jelly making are due to the fact that the proportions of natural fruit pectin, sugar and acid vary and are uncertain. Thus the amount of pectin in the apples of a certain tree may make perfect jelly one year, while the next season the jelly made from the fruits of the same tree may fail. In other

words, fruits vary in their pectin content from season to season.

Moreover, green or unripe fruits are higher in the jelly principle, and as the fruits ripen they lose this quality of "jelly" due to the chemical change in the fruit pectin itself. That is why under ripe berries or slightly green grapes make better jelly than fruits which are dead ripe; if the fruits are over ripe, the product probably will be syrupy instead of firm.

Failure and uncertainties in any type of jelly making are unnecessary today because the housewife may avail herself of standardized commercial pectin, which insures almost infallible results. This commercial pectin may be bought either in liquid or powdered form, is extremely easy to use, and takes all the guesswork from jelly making.

Moreover, it helps retain more of the natural fruit flavor because the product does not have to be cooked so long and thereby loses its natural fruit flavor. "Jelly," and its final advantage is that the texture of jellies made with this standard pectin is nearly perfect and jelly-like as possible.

Not only the jewel fruits of the Harvest, but also dried fruits and canned fruits and their juices may be made into jelly at any season with such commercial pectin. And whereas the old "making jelly" was a tedious process involving constant potting, the new method is so easily done in but a few minutes. By carefully estimating the proportions of fruit, sugar and pectin, the housewife may jelly even only one or two glasses a

morning along with her other cooking.

The directions for using each particular brand of pectin should be followed exactly. More sugar is used than formerly because under older methods the fruit juices had to be "boiled down" for a very long period. But in using commercial pectin the juice does not need to be cooked down at all, and therefore more sugar is required for this larger amount of juice.

In general it should be remembered that if a clear jelly is desired, the jelly bag should not be squeezed, but the jelly allowed to drip only. However, if the bag is squeezed for a second jelly, this more cloudy jelly is excellent in a fruit butter, marmalade or complete where clearness is not essential to a perfect product.

The jelly bag may be made of cotton-flannel of good fine quality as well as from wool flannel. It should be thoroughly wet and wrung out of hot water immediately preceding juice.

Jelly of any kind must be poured always into clean, hot and sterilized jars or glasses and immediately covered with a film of hot melted paraffin. When this first film is cool, add a second coating, slightly tilting the glass to be sure that the paraffin makes a perfect "seal" against air, dust and bacteria. A small metal trowel or tea pot for pouring the paraffin is a most convenient way of handling it.

Jellies (jams, preserves and all sweets with cooked sugar) must be stored in a dry place with plenty of air ventilation. And they must be kept cool. Unless they are so stored the housewife will

note with alarm that her jellies will ooze or show signs of "weeping" the liquid from under the lid. If this happens it is a sure proof that the paraffin seal is imperfect, thus permitting the juice to come to the surface where it affords a choice place for germs and mold to grow.

After both seals of paraffin are old and they should be at least one-quarter inch thick) cover the glass with sterilized tin lid and with heavy white paper carefully pasted over the top. A few cents already printed with different fruit names, add the finishing touch to each jar.

Grapes of all varieties may easily be made into delicious jelly this quick new way, as follows:

Grape Jelly: Stem, wash and thoroughly mash grapes and add 1 cup water. Stir until boiling, then simmer 10 minutes. Drain through damp bag. Measure 2 cups of juice to every 3 cups white granulated sugar in a kettle. Bring to boil and stir in ½ cup liquid pectin to a rolling bubbling boil and boil ½ minute only. Skin and quickly pour into sterilized glasses.

Plum Jelly: Wash 18 large ripe plums, but do not pit or peel. Crush thoroughly with potato masher and add 1 cup water. Stir until boiling, then boil 10 minutes. Drain through damp bag. Measure 4 cups juice and 7½ cups white granulated sugar in a kettle. Stir and bring to a boil. Add ½ cup liquid pectin, long to full rolling boil, and boil ½ minute. Remove from fire and let stand 1 minute, skin then pour quickly into sterilized glasses.

Quince or Pear Jam: Peel,

core and slice enough ripe fruit to make 4 cups of mashed pulp. Place in a kettle with 7½ cups white granulated sugar. Bring to a rolling boil, while stirring constantly. Remove from fire and stir in 1 cup liquid pectin. Stir 5 minutes to prevent fruit floating to the top. Pour into sterilized jars.

Apple Mint Jelly: Wash, core and quarter sour or crab apples. Boil in water with sugar, stirring frequently until pulp is soft. Drain through damp bag. Measure 4 cups juice and 7½ cups white granulated sugar to each 1 cup juice. Heat jelly quickly to boiling and boil 10 to 15 minutes. When a small amount jellies on a cold saucer, add several sprigs of mint or geranium leaves. Strain into sterilized glasses.

Spiced Apple Jelly: Measure as above, covering fruit with 3 quarts cold water and 1 quart vinegar. Use 1 dozen whole cloves and several sticks cinnamon. Boil, strain, and proceed as usual jelly.

Fruit marmalades are just as easily prepared, using canned fruit (cranberries or the ever useful citrus fruits—lemon and orange).

Cranberry Pineapple Conserve: Simmer 3 cups cranberries with 1 cup water until mushy. Measure one cup canned crushed pineapple with 3 cups cooked cranberries and add water if necessary to make a total of 8 full cups of fruit pulp and juice. Add 8 cups white granulated sugar and 1 teaspoon butter (to prevent forming scum). Bring to a rolling boil, stirring constantly, and boil 2 minutes. Remove from fire, add ½ cup liquid pectin and skin. Pour into sterilized glasses.

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Consult The American Weekly Men on Next to Last Page.

Extraordinary Adventures of the Countess d'Andurain

(Continued from Double Page)

This was the first time on record a pilgrim from Mecca had been welcomed in such a manner by his wife. Djeddash was in an uproar.

From the moment Consul Maret intervened in her behalf, Zeinab was no longer treated like a prisoner in the harem. Accordingly she took advantage of the liberty granted her by going out at all hours of the day and night. Once, when an English battleship called at Djeddash, she went on board to imbibe cocktails with the officers. At another time she attended a ball in the fashionable Casino, making herself conspicuous by the way she danced the rumba. Among her friends was the oddly named Sheikh of Sho.

The levity of her conduct so displeased Im-Soud that he summoned Soliman and reproached him for permitting his

wife to behave like a wild woman. On learning what the King had said, Zeinab vowed she would not leave the harem again, and limited her diversions thereafter to tea parties with M. Maret, Jr. The Assistant Governor, however, disapproved of their love-making under his roof, and Zeinab thought it high time to depart.

One morning, just as she was about to start, Soliman bobbed up, telling her she must haste, and that he would wait for her when she reached the rendezvous he had gone. Perhaps, like the man in the fable, Soliman was wearing a cloak that made him invisible. Zeinab then went to a hotel and rented a room with three beds.

At midnight young Maret came to her chamber, but their tête-à-tête was interrupted by the hotel clerk, who said Zeinab was wanted on the phone. While the Consul's son crawled under a bed she went downstairs to the phone. The Assistant Governor was on the line, and he informed her Soliman was dying and had accused her of poisoning him.

Hurrying back to her room to dress to see the Consul, she was confronted at the door by the Chief of Police. He allowed her to enter the chamber, but camped in front of her door all night, so she could not escape. In the morning he placed her under arrest, permitting her companion, though, to leave unmolested.

Margus was taken to a ramshackle structure near the Tribunal and thrown in a collar, which served as the town prison. At noon the guards told her Soliman was feeling better, but two hours later they announced his death. Because she did not seem much affected by the news, they accused her of being heartless. In vain she pleaded her innocence, and explained her "marriage of convenience." They were deaf to her entreaties and tale. To them the Consul was clear: She wished to marry Maret, Jr., Soliman was in the way, and so she poisoned her husband. Zeinab was charged with murder.

Her place of confinement was black with cockroaches, ants and flies. A rusty iron grating separated her from 30 ferocious looking men, huddled in a corner of the cellar, all waiting for the Café to pronounce judgment on them. The heat was stifling. Zeinab found it impossible to sleep, not only because she had no bed, but on account of certain little parasites, for which polite language has no name. She consoled herself by remembering the mouzina's words: "Devotion is better than sleep."

After passing two weeks in this post hole Margus received a visit from the French Consul. Appalled at the filth, he spoke in one of the guards, and Zeinab was allowed the luxury of a copper bowl in which to perform her ablutions. A wretched chair and a mattress colonized by fleas. M. Maret loaned his Westphalian woman a French novel, but for once in her life Margus Clarence had enough of romance. Whenever she tried to read her thoughts wandered to the punishment that awaited her if she were found guilty.

In the Hedjaz the Moslem women convicted of murder are generally stoned to death, according to the law of the Koran. Although sometimes she is submitted to the "supplice du rat," her head being thrust into a box containing a famished rat, which de-

vours nose, cheeks, lips, ears and eyes.

Having languished six more weeks in durance vile, Zeinab was escorted, under armed guard, to the Café, who had been like a gnat, a goat-like beard and the cunning of a fox. He heard her story from her own lips—she had no lawyer—the testimony of several witnesses, and pronounced her "not guilty." Nevertheless, her goods and chattels were confiscated, including a villa with a marble swimming pool and a tennis court.

Lack of evidence is supposed

to have been the reason for the Café's decision, yet the Basque probably owes her liberation to the intervention of Emir Faysal, instigator of the Assyrian massacres at Semel last August.

It is said the King of Irak ordered the prisoner's release on account of her friendship with the spies of Great Britain—the nation that had kept him on his throne.

At last, after a long wait, Margus wished to renew her friendship with Maret, Jr., but, alas for the vanity of human wishes! The Consul had taken the precaution to send the lad on a vacation far

from Djeddash, and the unhappy woman, wiping away her tears, prepared to go back to Sattam, her ex-consulmate, in the Syrian desert.

Again she met with a setback. The authorities of the Hedjaz, Palestine and Syria had been bothered enough by her divagations and invited her to get out of the Near East. Margus Clarence-Zeinab-ben Mokime, Countess d'Andurain was put aboard a ship bound for France, though not before she had paid a visit to the tomb of Mother Eve, which is as close as she ever got to Mecca.

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The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Ice Box Cookies.
MIX 2 cups melted shortening, 1 cup white sugar, 1 cup brown sugar, 3 beaten eggs, and 1 quart sifted flour sifted again with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon soda. Mix thoroughly. Shape in long rolls or pack in a deep bread pan and roll in a clean cloth. Let stand in ice box until thoroughly chilled. Slice thin and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit, until delicately browned. They may be decorated with sliced cherries or nuts just before baking.

Chocolate Drop Cookies.
MELT 2 squares chocolate over hot water and add 1/4 cup softened shortening. Blend well. Add 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk and 2 cups flour sifted with 1/2 teaspoon soda and a pinch of salt. Drop from tip of spoon on greased baking sheets and bake in a moderate oven.

Old-Fashioned Brownies.
MELT 2 squares chocolate over hot water and add 1/4 cup melted butter. Add 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup flour, 1/2 cup cocoa, 1/2 cup milk and 1/2 cup flour. Mix thoroughly and add 1/4 cup broken nut meats. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, about 25 minutes. Remove from the pan ten cent.

Peanut Drop Cookies.
MELT 1/2 cup butter, add 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs and 1/2 cup milk. Beat well. Add 2 cups flour sifted again with 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 cup cocoa. Add about 1/4 cup chopped peanuts. Drop from tip of spoon on greased pans, about 1 inch apart. Decorate with cold peanuts and bake in a moderate oven.

Rocks.
MIX 1 cup shortening, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ginger, and 2 cups molasses in top of double boiler. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Boil 5 min.

Oatmeal Cookies.
CREAM 1/2 cup sugar, add 1/2 cup molasses and beat well. Then add 1/2 cup butter, melted over hot water. Beat in 2 eggs, 1/2 cup milk and 2 cups flour sifted again with 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda and 1/2 teaspoon cloves. Add 1 cup raisins and 3 cups oatmeal. Drop from tip of spoon on greased baking sheets and bake in a moderate oven.

Cocoanut Tea Cakes.
BEAT 4 egg whites until stiff (use the yolks for baked cakes), add 1/2 cup sifted powdered sugar gradually and beat until very light. Add a few drops of lemon or orange extract and about 1/2 pound grated coconut. Drop on greased paper on baking sheets and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 10 minutes.

Peanut Macaroons.
BEAT 2 egg whites until stiff and gradually add, while beating, constantly, 1 cup sifted powdered sugar. Then add 1/2 cup pastry flour, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, and 1 cup chopped peanuts. Drop from tip of spoon on buttered baking sheet about 2 inches apart. Bake in a moderate oven about 10 to 15 minutes.

Strawberry Salad (By Request).
PICK over and wash ripe strawberries. To 2 cups of berries add 1 cup thinly sliced heart celery, 1/2 cup chopped pecan nuts and 1/2 cup well-seasoned French dressing. Let stand 1/2 hour. Drain. Arrange on heart platter. Serve with whipped cream mayonnaise.

Sour Cream Cookies.
IN many places sour cream can be bought very cheaply in bulk. It makes delicious

cookies as well as biscuits and cakes and may be used as a substitute for part of the shortening and liquid. Cream 1 cup brown sugar and 1/2 cup shortening. Add 1 beaten egg and 1 cup chopped nut meats. Mix and add 2 cups pastry flour, 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Add alternately with 1/2 cup sour cream to the first mixture. Mix well and drop by teaspoons on greased baking sheet. Bake in a rather quick oven, or at about 400 degrees Fahrenheit, for 15 minutes.

Cooked Oatmeal Cookies.
THIS is an excellent way to use left-over oatmeal. Mix 1 cup hot cooked oatmeal, 2 tablespoons shortening, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup chopped nuts, and about 2 cups sifted pastry flour sifted again with 1/2 teaspoon soda and 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon or any desired spice. Drop from tip of spoon about 2 inches apart on

a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit.

Green Pepper and Bermuda Onion Sandwiches.
FINELY chop 3 sweet green peppers and 1/2 Bermuda onion. Drain and moisten with well-seasoned French dressing. Chill. Spread between thinly sliced and buttered white or graham bread. Cut in desired shapes.

Home-Made Marshchino Cherries.
PICK over and wash perfect oxheart cherries. Carefully remove stones. Put in bowl and cover with mild vinegar. Let stand 2 days. Arrange in sterilized jars with alternating layers of sugar. Cover with vinegar and let stand 7 days, stirring every day. Set aside for a month and to each quart add 1 teaspoon cherry extract and 1 drop almond.

Party Sandwiches.
MIX 1/4 cup finely chopped dates, 1/4 cup chopped nut meats, 1/4 cup chopped preserved ginger, ginger syrup and lemon juice to moisten and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Beat butter until smooth and creamy. Spread on white or graham bread. Put the buttered slices together with the date mixture. Cut in any desired shapes.

Cinger Sherbet.
COCK 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water and 1/2 cup white corn syrup to 240 degrees or until it forms a syrup. Add 1 1/2 cups orange juice, 1/2 cup lemon juice and 1/2 cup finely chopped preserved ginger and syrup. Chill and freeze.

Peanut or Praline Mousse.
PASS 1/2 pound peanut brittle or pecan brittle through food chopper. Whip 1 pint cream and gently fold in the ground brittle. Turn into mold and pack in two parts ice and 1 part salt for 4 hours or turn into tray of mechanical ice box and let stand until frozen.



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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Rolled Oatmeal, Eggs, Milk, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Rolled Oatmeal, Eggs, Milk, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Rolled Oatmeal, Eggs, Milk, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Rolled Oatmeal, Eggs, Milk, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Rolled Oatmeal, Eggs, Milk, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Rolled Oatmeal, Eggs, Milk, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, Cereal, Rolled Oatmeal, Eggs, Milk, Coffee.
Lunch Chicken Salad, Cabbage and Grated Apple, Honey Sauce, Dinner Dish, Peas, Custard, Potatoes, Spinach, Date Pudding, Fruit Sauce.	Lunch Chicken Salad, Cabbage and Grated Apple, Honey Sauce, Dinner Dish, Peas, Custard, Potatoes, Spinach, Date Pudding, Fruit Sauce.	Lunch Chicken Salad, Cabbage and Grated Apple, Honey Sauce, Dinner Dish, Peas, Custard, Potatoes, Spinach, Date Pudding, Fruit Sauce.	Lunch Chicken Salad, Cabbage and Grated Apple, Honey Sauce, Dinner Dish, Peas, Custard, Potatoes, Spinach, Date Pudding, Fruit Sauce.	Lunch Chicken Salad, Cabbage and Grated Apple, Honey Sauce, Dinner Dish, Peas, Custard, Potatoes, Spinach, Date Pudding, Fruit Sauce.	Lunch Chicken Salad, Cabbage and Grated Apple, Honey Sauce, Dinner Dish, Peas, Custard, Potatoes, Spinach, Date Pudding, Fruit Sauce.	Lunch Chicken Salad, Cabbage and Grated Apple, Honey Sauce, Dinner Dish, Peas, Custard, Potatoes, Spinach, Date Pudding, Fruit Sauce.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3025 - A HOUSE FROCK WITH A SINGLE PLEAT. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 3026 - A HOUSE FROCK WITH A SINGLE PLEAT. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 3027 - A HOUSE FROCK WITH A SINGLE PLEAT. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 3028 - A HOUSE FROCK WITH A SINGLE PLEAT. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

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Pattern 3039 - A HOUSE FROCK WITH A SINGLE PLEAT. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.

Pattern 3040 - A HOUSE FROCK WITH A SINGLE PLEAT. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 10 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1/2 yard contrasting.



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